McKean County Miner.

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THEY STOLE RAZORS, FLOUR AND BEER

Two Larceny Cases Before Justice Knapp This Week.

RAZORS STOLEN FROM M. J. NORRIS

Three Men Arrested by Constable E. W. Jones—Trunk Found by S. S. Fry.

Tuesday of last week M. J. Norris missed two razors, belonging to customers, from his shop on Main street. He informed Constable Jones of the loss, who upon investigation found that the razors had been purchased by a Hazelhurst barber, and a description of the men who sold them resulted in the arrest of Mac Danglass at Hazelhurst on Tuesday. Another man named Joe Sweeney, said to have been with Douglass at the time the razors were taken, was detained by the Bradford police and brought to Smethport yesterday.

The barber says that the two men were in his shop on Tuesday. He left the room for a short time and while he was absent the men departed. About an hour later he discovered that two razors—one of them an especially valuable blade—were missing from the cup case.

The men were given a hearing last night before Justice Knapp. Sweeney was discharged and Douglass held for a further hearing Saturday.

BURGLARY AT SIMPSON.

On Friday night of last week a store room connected with Wm. H. Wells' business place at Simpson was entered and two kegs of beer and a sack of flour taken therefrom.

Suspicion was aroused that the stolen goods were concealed in the neighborhood and search warrants were secured and a number of places investigated by Constable Jones of Smethport.

The constable finally found one of the kegs of beer on the property of John Truesdale and, as a result he was arrested and brought to Smethport where he was given a hearing before Justice Knapp and held for court in the sum of $300, which he furnished and returned to his home in Simpson.

The authorities are confident that Truesdale is not the only guilty one, in fact it is doubted that he was the perpetrator of the theft, but he refused to make any explanation and no further arrests have been made.

STOLEN TRUNK FOUND.

One day last week S. S. Fry discovered the corner of a trunk projecting from a manure pile at the rear of his barn on Water street. He dug out the trunk and found it almost empty.

Later it was found that the trunk belonged to Owen Smith of Tylersburg, who came to Smethport to join the party of saw mill employees who have located in Pedee, South Carolina. Mr. Smith went to the Kushequa Route station the morning after his arrival in Smethport and presented his baggage check, but the trunk was not to be found. Thinking that it was delayed en route Mr. Smith made arrangements to have the trunk sent on and departed with the southern-bound party.

It is probable that the trunk was stolen from the station platform and taken down the tracks back of S. S. Fry's barn, rifled of its contents and concealed in the manure pile. Nothing has been discovered as yet regarding the perpetrators of the theft.

County Treasurer's Commissions.

The report that the county auditors have requested the county commissioners to reduce the rate of commissions of the county treasurer has been circulated by a number of our county exchanges. This report, we are informed by County Auditor B. G. Bartle, is without foundation, he further stating that the board of auditors have not taken any action in this matter.

Six years ago the rate was reduced to 2½ per cent and this commission has been allowed Treasurers Campbell and Boyd. This rate has not been changed by the present board of commissioners, and we are of the opinion that the rate is low enough as it is. From what we know the treasurer's office does not pay much over $3,000 per year and as Mr. Weaver has what is known as the poor term, there being only one tax sale in his term of office, it is doubtful if his commissions will reach that amount. Considering the large bond the treasurer is compelled to give and the work connected with the office we think the compensation is small.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 82x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of

JOHN BERGQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

For Sale.

Good cow that will be fresh in a short time. Inquire of Swan Anderson.

Subscribe for the Miner.

New Game Law Proposed.

Representative Snyder of Schuylkill county, after conferring with the sportsmen of that county, is preparing a bill to present at this session of the Legislature along the following lines:

Section 1.—All game to come in season the same month, rabbit, hare, wild turkey, prairie chickens, quail, partridge, woodcock, pheasant and squirrels from November 1 to January 1. No person shall kill more than ten (10) rabbits or hare in one day, under a penalty of ten dollars ($10) fine for each and every one over the specified amounts. No rabbits or hare shall be sold or shipped from the State of Pennsylvania under a penalty of twenty-five dollars ($25) or serve twenty-five days in prison for each and every one so shipped.

Section 2.—That the said gunners of the State of Pennsylvania shall pay to the county treasurer, for the privilege to hunt, a license fee of one dollar ($1) per year, twenty-five per cent. of which shall go to the county for game, birds and animals, and the remaining seventy-five per cent. to go to the wardens for protection of game, birds and animals, fish and fighting forest fires. These wardens may be appointed by the chairman of boroughs, cities or townships.

Section 3.—No father, brother, son or friend shall hunt on any license other than their own. In violation of this section, both owner and one found using same, shall be compelled to pay a fine of twenty-five ($25) dollars or serve twenty-five days in prison. Said license shall be good to hunt in any county of the State of Pennsylvania.

Section 4.—That the county treasurer shall pay bounty for the killing, trapping and snaring of the following animals and birds, to-wit: Wildcat, $5.00; weasel, 50 cents; hawk, 50 cents; catamount, $5.00; mink, 50 cents; owl, 50 cents; fox, $5.00; skunk, 50 cents; other game laws to remain the same.

Section 5.—Wardens to receive all fines. No foreigners shall have the privilege of hunting who are not naturalized. In violation of this section the person so doing, shall be compelled to pay a fine of fifty ($50) dollars or serve fifty days in prison.

Section 6.—Bird and rabbit dogs to be kept off the hills and mountains during the breeding months of our game, birds and animals. Fox, catamount or wildcat dogs may run at all times, as they are a protection to our games, birds and animals. Bird and rabbit dogs may run from September 1 to January 1.

Section 7.—That the county treasurer shall publish the amount of license money paid in at the end of each and every year.

Section 8.—That each warden shall receive the names and numbers of licenses distributed in his district.

In violation of any of these sections, the warden may bring suit where it is violated.

The above is undoubtedly a very satisfactory bill for the Southern part of the State and with one or two slight changes it would be satisfactory to the sportsmen of the Northern part of Pennsylvania. Our sportsmen will object to keeping the season closed until November 1, because our best shooting is generally during the month of October, or at least the latter part of October. Early in November we usually have more or less snow in the Northern part of the State, and as soon as the snow comes to stay the bird hunting is practically at an end. If the sportsmen of the Southern section want the season kept open until Jan. 1 let them have it but we do not want the opening of the season made later than October 15.

"The Holy City."

Announcement of a performance of "The Holy City", interests theatre goers to an uncommon degree.

The great Biblical drama and the sumptous production given it; the strength of the acting company, the music and grand spectacle with which the play abounds, furnishes dramatic satisfaction and scenic pleasure so complete and grateful that Managers Gordon and Bennett's enterprise is a leading feature in all columns containing theatrical news. Seldom has a play been so immediately noted, because seldom has one play so many points of value. The theatre goers who appreciate entertainment in the proportion given for following thought, will, in the thrillingly told story of the Apostle John, find reflection, dramatic study and future enjoyment, rarely combined. The theatre goer who is more pleased with brilliant spectacle and wonderful stage effects, has his wish gratified by lavish preparation and almost unprecedented execution. In his application for a performance of "The Holy City", Manager John Clark sought the most important theatrical offering of the season. "The Holy City" will be at Lyceum next Monday evening.

My stock of blankets and robes is unusually good this season. The latest styles and the very best quality is to be found in my stock. CHAS. LEMMLER.

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

GOVERNOR CENSURED.

Pennsylvania State Editorial Association Passes Resolutions.

A dispatch from Harrisburg, dated Jan. 17, says:

The Pennsylvania State Editorial Association, at its annual meeting here to-day, adopted resolutions criticizing Gov. Pennypacker for his reference to the press in his recent biennial message to the Legislature. The resolutions were reported by the committee on libel and are as follows:

"The Pennsylvania State Editorial Association, believing in only such employment of the public press as is permitted by the constitution and laws of the State fairly interpreted, hereby

"Resolves, That the injection by Gov. Pennypacker of an entirely personal matter into a State paper and into proposed legislation, in such a manner as gratuitously to cast a reflection upon the character of the press of the State, as a whole, was uncalled for, unwarranted and unjustified; and be it further

"Resolved, That the position taken by Gov. Pennypacker, both in his message, and his proposed bill, marked "A," is contrary to the constitution and to good policy in that it restrains both press and speech, and is unjust in that it jeopardizes important interests of the State. The Governor has no right to strike his personal critics over the heads of all the newspapers of Pennsylvania."

District Lamade of Williamsport, the retiring president, made an address in which he said that he hoped to see the day when no public officer, no matter how high his office, will dare to suggest for the members of the association the ducking stool, the assassin's pistol or annihilation at the request of six citizens.

The following officers were elected: A. Nevin Pomeroy, Chambersburg, president; T. H. Harter, Bellefonte, first vice president; W. H. McQuown, Clearfield, second vice president; J. W. Carson, Beaver Falls, third vice president; R. P. Habgood, Bradford, secretary and treasurer; A. B. Gould, Eldred, assistant secretary; Cyrus C. Fox, Reading, corresponding secretary.

Executive Committee: A. Nevin Pomeroy, R. P. Habgood, R. H. Thomas, Jr., Mechanicsburg; H. T. Wiley, Altoona; E. B. McKee, Towanda; W. H. Thompson, Tyrone; O. D. Shock, Harrisburg.

A committee was appointed to secure a case of silver for Cooler R. Thomas, Sr., of Mechanicsburg, retiring secretary.

Death of Israel Burt.

On December 29th, in Ridgbury, Bradford county, occurred the death of Israel Burt, at the age of 104 years. Mr. Burt was one of Potter county's pioneer residents and a few years ago visited at Burtville and made a trip to this borough. It was at about the same time that by invitation of an editor of a metropolitan newspaper Mr. Burt made a trip to New York, and was shown much attention at the newspapers' expense. The aged man, yet possessed of good health and retaining all his faculties, was not only greatly delighted, but gave his host much pleasure by bringing forth the realization of wonderful changes since he was a lad, in relating many remarkable and thrilling experiences of his youthful days. Within the last year he had failed quite rapidly, but retained his faculties to the last.—Coudersport Democrat.

The deceased was a great uncle of Mrs. George H. Hackett of this borough and was well known to many in this section. About a year ago he visited this place and spent some time among his friends and relatives.

Death of Mrs. Almira Pendleton.

Our Larabee correspondent sends in the following:

Entered into rest on Jan. 12, 1905, at her home in Coryville, Mrs. Almira Pendleton, in the 74th year of her age. Almira Cummings was born in Canajoharie, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1831. At Liberty on Aug. 9, 1848, she was united in marriage to William Pendleton. Some fifteen years later they moved to Coryville where the remainder of their lives was spent. Thirteen children came to bless their union, eight of whom survive, Mrs. Olive Dunn of Shultown, Dorothy Schnedecker of Roulette, Samuel of Turtle Point, Mark of Port Allegany, Del of Ohio, Elisha of Smethport and Stephen and Jennie of Coryville.

The funeral was held from the church at Coryville at 10 o'clock a. m. and the interment was at Port Allegany beside the husband, who proceeded her to the great beyond some few years ago.

The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved ones.

Do you need any robes, blankets or bells to equip yourself for winter? If so call on Charles Lemmler. He has a line that you can be suited from and the prices are always the lowest for high grade goods.

The Jewel Cake Griddle, the only only thing for baking pancakes. At Holmes & Gilfillan's.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

The Central Club.

At a recent meeting of the Central Club it was decided to reduce the initiation fees and dues with the view of increasing its membership and bringing new life into the club. The initiation fee, which was previously $20, was reduced to $10 and the dues were likewise cut in half, bringing them down to $10 per year, payable semi-annually in advance.

Several of the members commenced the solicitation of desirable members under the new rate and the result was most satisfactory. At the last meeting 27 applications of resident members were favorably acted upon and the applications of several non-resident members were also accepted. This swelled the resident membership to about 50 and, with the non-resident members, the Central Club has about 60 members in good standing.

The membership of this club is limited to 60 resident members and we understand the non-resident membership is unlimited. This leaves an opportunity for about 10 more resident members and the Central Club would like to swell its list to that number. The committee on membership has control of applications but anyone desiring to join the club may make his application through any member.

The Central Club was organized April 15, 1900, with the following officers, who have held their positions up to the present time: James A. McKean, president; Hon. Joseph W. Bouton, vice president; Fred D. Gallup, secretary; Ralph E. Burdick, treasurer. It is composed of Smethport's most representative citizens and has always been a credit to the town. The club has excellently furnished apartments on the second floor of the Central block, the rooms being located in the east side of this building, over Monheimer's store. There are four handsome rooms in the club, the front one being the parlor, the next a reading and writing room where the leading magazines and newspapers are always at the disposal of its members, the next is a card room and the rear one is the billiard room in which are a good pool table and billiard table. Its facilities for furnishing innocent amusement for its members are well looked after.

TO SUBSCRIBERS!

Since our last issue we have sent bills to nearly every subscriber who owes the MINER for subscription for one year or more and have received remittances from several, whom we thank for their promptness. We hope the good work will continue until we have heard from everyone who has received a bill. If you have received a bill let us hear from you very soon. By adding $1 to the amount of your bill you will be paid one year in advance from the date of expiration marked on bill.

Leg Broken While Bowling.

Frank S. Backus, proprietor of the Smethport Bowling Alleys, fractured his left leg, between the knee and hip, early last Saturday evening in a most peculiar manner. "Cap," as he is familiarly called, was bowling with one of his patrons and just as he delivered a ball he felt an acute pain in his left leg and he fell to the floor. Dr. Clark was summoned and Mr. Backus was removed to his home where it was found that his leg was fractured a few inches below the hip joint. The fracture was reduced and he is getting along as well as possible under the circumstances.

There is no apparent reason for the breaking of his leg as he did not slip or strike himself with the ball and did not fall until after he felt the bone snap and then he did not fall on the injured member. The only explanation that can be given is that during the day he had suffered considerable pain in his leg at the point where it was broken and that the pain came from a previous injury which might have cracked the bone and the strain coming on it as he delivered the ball caused it to break. But "Cap" says he has no memory of doing anything that would have previously cracked the bone in his leg.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 14, 1905:

C. Bigelow, Alex. Cunningham, Miss Mary Dibble, Peter Hanson, Chas. Kane, Miss Grace McClaughlin.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

J. C. Backus, Esq., has taken into partnership in his law business a promising young lawyer from Friendship, N. Y., Mr. Sheridan Gorton. The gentleman comes well recommended and has every appearance of being qualified to add to the ability and respectability of our local bar. McKean is pretty well stocked with legal practioners, but there is room here as well as elsewhere for a good lawyer, and we wish Mr. Gorton abundant success. [August 1877.]

For many weeks Smethport society has been on the qui vive in anticipation of the expected wedding of Mr. Robt. H. Rose and Miss Lena Hamlin, which took place at the residence of the bride's parents Wednesday evening, Sept. 5, 1877.

A large number of invitations had been issued, and the spacious parlors of Mr. Hamlin's residence were well filled with a happy and expectant company of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. I. Miller, in the Episcopal service, and was both solemn and beautiful. Miss Emma Hamlin, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Edward L. Rose, brother of the groom, performed the duties of "best man." The elegance of the costume of the bride and bridesmaid were finely set off by contrast with the conventionally somber, yet rich attire of the gentlemen. The bride's dress was very beautiful and becoming, being a pearl grey gros grain, made a-la princess, and trimmed with point lace and orange blossoms. The skirt had a long train of over three yards, the front beautifully ornamented with loops and sashes, and ruchings of silk, mingled with orange blossoms. The long bridal veil enveloped her entire figure, the filmy gauze giving a halo of indescribable loveliness. Miss Emma Hamlin, the bridesmaid, was charming in a cream colored gros grain, made with long corsage basque and trimmed skirt, with scarlet and white flowers in clusters at the throat and waist, long sprays on the skirt and delicate bunches on the sleeves. After the ceremony Miss Emma threw the veil from her sister's face, and Mrs. Rose received the congratulations of her relatives and the many invited guests. The floral decorations were beautiful beyond description and were mainly the handiwork and taste of Mrs. Fred Johnson of Larabee. The most elegant of all was a large floral marriage bell. We cannot undertake a description of it, as our pen is not equal to the task. Suffice to say that it was exquisite and beautiful in the extreme, and as a specimen of Mrs. Johnson's taste and skill cannot be surpassed. The presents of the bride were numerous and very costly.

After the wedding ceremony and the congratulations had been concluded the company sat down to an elegant supper, after which the time passed pleasantly in social exchanges until the departure of the guests at about midnight.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Rose started on an eastern tour, including a visit to the former home of the groom in Susquehanna county, this state. It is expected that they will return in time for the September court.

A more elegant wedding has never been witnessed in Smethport or the county, and seldom have a young couple ever started out on a journey of life together with brighter prospects or accompanied by heartier or more earnest blessings and good wishes. Yet it seems all well deserved. Since Mr. Rose's residence in Smethport (some five or six years) he has gained a host of friends by proving himself honorable and clean-souled, a steadfast friend and a genial companion. The lady of his choice was born and brought up in Smethport, and is well worthy of her good fortune. Possessed of all the culture and accomplishments that could be bestowed by the careful training of a fond mother and the open purse of an indulgent father, she is well fitted to grace their beautiful home with dignity and good taste. Both have our heartiest congratulations.

Died on September 30, 1877, at the residence of his father, near this place, in the 19th year of his age, Thomas E. Reilly, son of Andrew Reilly and Anne Byrne. His illness was very painful, though of barely one week's duration; a severe attack of pneumonia proving fatal in that time. The deceased bore an excellent character, wherever known, generous, open-hearted and unassuming, yet strictly honorable, and regular in the performance of his religious duties, he was highly esteemed, and will long be regretted by all his numerous acquaintances.

Crumb—July 18, 1877, in the 23d year of her age, Hattie E., wife of Rev. A. V. Crumb of Younghow, Burmah, and daughter of H. W. Hibbard, Esq., of Coryville, Pa.

A complete stock of Enamel Ware and kitchen Furniture at

Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made, at Rubin's shoe store.

The Oil Man's Story.

The Bradford Era is responsible for the following, which if true is at least very thrilling:

"I claim that love is a kind of insanity," said a well known oil man yesterday. He was sitting in a back room of a hotel, with a coterie of friends, spinning yarns. A young man who is to be married before long, was in the party and he questioned the correctness of the oil man's statement. "I know," continued the man of oil, "how you feel about it—but all the same, the chap who has love on the brain is often mentally twisted. I have lived longer than you, and I have been observing things.

"I can give you an example: Back in the early days of oil producing I knew two young men who were friends. They came to the oil country from the same section of York State. They were boon companions and both succeeded in getting work from a glycerine company. They were inseparable and staunch, loyal friends. They became expert well shooters.

"But where they boarded there was a husky young lass whose complexion was of the peaches-and-cream variety. Her hair was of the color of old gold. And both fellows fell in love with her. She jollied both for a while and then showed a decided and serious preference for one of them. That led to the breaking up of a life-long friendship. The fellow who was jilted became a different being. He was sore on everything and the unforgiving, secret enemy of his companion. One day both were in a magazine of the glycerine company when the earth was shaken by a tremendous explosion. Nothing was left of the outfit but a deep hole in the ground.

"Everybody was shocked, literally and otherwise, in that section of the oil map and everybody felt very sorry for the two fine young fellows whose lives had been snuffed out like a couple of candles. Nothing big enough to bury was ever found of either. It was regarded as an accident, but I, personally, happen to know different.

"A letter was left to me by the fellow who had been jilted and it read something like this: 'When you read this note, Jim and I will be in eternity. He has turned Sally dead against me. At the first chance—which will be this afternoon—I will blow up the magazine with myself and Jim in it. That will end the whole business. Keep my secret. I thank you for all your kindness to me.'"

The oil man was pressed for further details as to names, dates and locality, but he said: "No, I'll not tell you. That's my secret and I'll let the past bury its dead. But didn't that show that love can make a man insane? Sure thing. And there are numerous other cases I could also cite if I wished to."

"And what became of the girl with the golden hair?" asked one of the listeners, still deeply interested in the story.

"Oh she just pined away for a while like a silly thing, and never cut much of a figure until another guy came along and married her. She lived unhappily with her second choice and they were divorced.

"All of which," he added, "goes to show the truth of my assertion about the love business and how it makes people batty."

Normandy C. L. S. C. Meeting.

On Saturday evening January 14, 1905, "An Evening With Chautauquans" by the Normandy C. L. S. C. at the M. E. church. Mrs. Brownell, the able president, gave an address of welcome and also a brief history of the circle. Mrs. Walker gave some musical selections, which were greatly enjoyed. Dr. Patterson kindly manipulated the slides while Mrs. Forsythe guided us from place to place. Through her kindness we were brought in touch with Chautauqua, landing at Mayville and proceeding directly to the grounds. To those who never had the pleasure of visiting Chautauqua it was a rare treat, and to those who have been there it brought back pleasant memories. After visiting Chautauqua we were introduced to D'Schiller and to places of interest in the year's work. As the last picture was shown and our ship landed at Smethport many remarked "I wish I might have still traveled."

"ONE WHO WAS THERE."

Continuance of Trains.

A notice from the Passenger Department of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. was issued December 20th, to the effect that trains Nos. 8 and 9 would be discontinued between Bolivar and Angelica, begining January 8th, 1905.

It has been decided to continue these trains with but little change in the present scheduled time.

Train No. 8, which leaves Bolivar at 6:45 a. m., will, begining January 16th, leave at 7:05, arriving at Hornellsville at 9:20 a. m., the same time as at present.

Train No. 9, which now leaves Hornellsville at 6:15 p. m., will beginning January 16th, leave at 6:35 p. m. arriving at Bolivar at 8:40 p. m., or twenty minutes earlier than was the present scheduled arriving time.

C. J. Renwick,
General Passenger Agent.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Mrs. Crusoe's Mood

By George Winthrop

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"I might swim for it," suggested Tucker with the accent of one who knows the impracticability of what he suggests.

"You might fly for it," retorted Nan Carroll, "for all the good it would do. You should have tied the boat."

"You forget," he pleaded, "that I only came last night and have not yet had opportunity to become familiar with the tide here. How was I to know that you had a regular Bay of Fundy tide here?"

"If you knew as much about geography as you do about some things," she hinted darkly, "you would know that this is the Bay of Fundy tide. It doesn't come in as a tidal wave, but it rises as high."

"If I ever get back to Lubec," he groaned, "I'll get a coast survey map and won't go for a row without it."

"If," she quoted. "Why, we've simply got to get back to Lubec. What will they think at the hotel if we don't?"

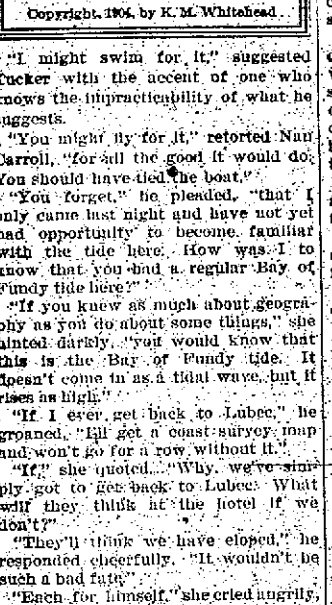
"They'll think we have eloped," he responded cheerfully. "It wouldn't be such a bad fate."

"Each for himself," she cried angrily, stamping a tiny foot. "I believe you did it on purpose."

"If you were as hungry as I am," he pleaded, "you'd never believe that."

Suddenly reminded that she herself was famished, Miss Carroll sat down on a convenient rock and began to cry softly, a proceeding which served to intensify Tucker's discomfort.

He glanced ruefully at the cange fast disappearing on the tide and scanned the shore to see if it offered any hope. Apparently they were as thoroughly lost as though they were on an island in the Pacific instead of three miles from a summer resort. It was Tucker's first experience with a land where they built steamship docks two stories high because of the fall of the tide from the Bay of Fundy, and he had supposed that, when he had



"ARE YOU MAN FRIDAY?" DEMANDED NAN.

drawn the canoe well up on the shelving bank, the long rope in the bow could not possibly be needed.

Now that the damage was done, it was useless to worry about it. The next thing to do was to seek some means of escape. He turned to Nan, who was still sobbing, though every moment anger at Dave's apparent neglect replaced her tearful thoughts. Having got her into all this trouble, the least he could do would be to try and comfort her.

He threw himself down beside her. "Nan, dear," he cried, "don't take it so to heart. It will come out all right if I have to swim over to the mainland and steal a boat."

She rose in all her five feet five of injured dignity. "I do not see, Mr. Tucker," she said coldly, "that the situation should permit the levity you assume. It may be all right for you, but a woman's fair name"— Her sobbing broke forth afresh at the thought of what might be said.

Tucker but added fuel to the flame when he protested. "We are as good as engaged, Nan. I don't see what there is to worry so much about. We can attract some boat's attention before it gets too dark anyway."

"We are as good as engaged," she protested. "We never will be engaged. I don't care what happens. I'll never marry you."

"What's the use of taking on so?" he demanded. "You told me last winter that at the end of the season you thought"—

"Do you suppose I thought then that I'd thing what I think now?" she cried hysterically. "Do you suppose that I imagined that you would abduct me to a desert island to force me to marry you? Never!"

Wisdom coming to him, Tucker said never a word, but let the fit of hysterics wear away. In the meantime he improvised a signal with his white flannel coat and a branch. This looked more promising to Miss Carroll, and she was even smiling as she came toward him. "It's all right, Dave," she said as she stood beside the signal.

"And you will marry me?" he asked eagerly, his hand reverting to her last hysterical declaration.

"I knew that was what it was," she blazed forth. "Don't you dare come near me." She seated herself a hundred yards away, and for another twenty minutes Dave reflected upon the uncertainty of women in general and of the woman he loved in particular.

For want of better occupation he searched along the shore for clams, finding a few, but deciding after one taste that it would be better to look for berries. It was too late for berries apparently, and there was another pause and reflection. He had just decided that it was as well that Nan Carroll should not marry him when that changeable young woman plumped herself down upon the moss beside him.

"Why don't you talk?" she asked cheerfully. "It's awfully lonesome around here."

Tucker gasped, but for a moment he did not dare speak. When he found words it was of casual affairs he spoke, not of himself nor of their predicament, and presently they were chatting as merrily as though there had been none of the stormy scenes of the afternoon.

They were still talking when of a sudden they heard footsteps behind them, and they sprang to their feet.

Just behind them was a tall, clerical man in blue overalls and checked calico jumper.

"I hope I don't intrude," he said quizzically.

"Are you Man Friday?" demanded Nan. "You see we are Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe, and our boat is wrecked, or at least I hope it is," she amended viciously.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Crusoe," he said, falling in with her humor. "I am the Rev. Phillip Hardman of Boston, summering on this island with my family."

Nan gasped. "Why didn't you think of looking to see if there was any one living here?" she demanded of Dave.

"You told me it was deserted," he said defensively, "and I supposed you knew. I only came last night," he added in explanation to the clergyman. "Mrs. Crusoe forgot to tell me about the tide, and the boat floated away."

"Come over and have tea," suggested the clergyman hospitably, "and I have a boat that will take you over to the hotel."

He strode off, leading the way, and Nan and Dave followed. Once or twice she hummed softly to herself, and Dave could have sworn it was the wedding music from "Lohengrin." At last as he was helping her over a rock which barred her path, she held his hand in hers as she lightly dropped beside him.

"Dave," she whispered, "didn't he say he was a clergyman?"

Dave nodded. "The Rev. Philip Hardman," he affirmed.

"We could fool that gossiping crowd, pretending we did it on purpose."

More than ever Dave marveled at the ways of woman, but they were married before supper, for Dave explained to the clergyman that he was afraid she might change her mind again.

Old Phil Knew a Hog.

P. D. Armour the first never bothered himself over the selection of Christmas presents for men in his employ. His invariable expression of good will was a suit of clothes, and some of his men had new suits every Christmas. One year he asked all the men in the office of one branch of his business to order suits and send the bills to him. Most of them contented themselves with good business clothes, but one young man decided to adorn himself sumptuously at Mr. Armour's expense. He ordered himself a frock coat, waistcoat and trousers that set his employer back near a hundred dollars. Mr. Armour paid the bill, and then he sent for the brash Solomon in all his glory.

"I have decided to dispense with your services," he said. "You have evidently misjudged me. I should think you would have known that I've been in the packing business too long not to know a hog when I see one."—Washington Post.

The Evolution of a Name.

Two men who happened to be journeying across a western state in the same railway train became so well acquainted with each other that when they neared the station where one of them was to get off they expressed their mutual pleasure at having met and exchanged business cards.

One of the cards bore this inscription: "Geoffrey D'Arneille, Attorney at Law, Williamville, O."

"Williamville?" said the other man. "Why, I lived in that town when I was a boy!"

"Well, that is a coincidence! I was born there and have lived there all my life."

"I used to play with a boy named Jeff Darnell. Maybe you know him."

"Why—er—I ought to know him," said the other, looking somewhat confused. "That was my name. Sorry I can't talk to you longer. This is my destination. Goodby."

Too Much Exercise.

A mere may exercise himself into listlessness. So much has been said in recent years of the importance of exercise that every one admits it save now and then a wag, like Senator Evarts of New York, who once said that he owed his long life and good health to the fact that he never took any exercise. Many a youth in taking the exercise that pleases him discovers that he has great skill at tennis or baseball, bicycle racing or foot racing, hurdle jumping or handsprings, and the temptation is strong to neglect other matters for the development of the particular physical facility with which he may be endowed. When he yields he usually degenerates into a professional athlete. Physical development becomes the end of his endeavor, when it should be merely a help in fitting him to do his work in the world.—Youth's Companion.

The Way a Benedict Looked at It.

Mrs. Benham—I don't believe a word of your excuse, Benham—That's just like a woman. I don't suppose Jonah's wife believed the story he told her after he had spent three nights with the whale. Mrs. Benham—How do you know Jonah had a wife? Benham—He wouldn't have been a Jonah if he had not been married.—Brooklyn Life.

A Sickener.

"Some people," growled Crabbe, "make me sick."

"I should think nearly everybody would make you sick," replied Cynic.

"Indeed! Why?"

"Reciprocity, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

DIPPING IN THE DISH

A CUSTOM STILL IN VOGUE AMONG SEMICIVILIZED ORIENTALS.

The Filthy Habit of Eating in Common That Is Followed by the Arabs, Among Whom Fingers Yet Reign Superior to Forks.

Germs cannot be as destructive to human health as is popularly believed, for if they were the total destruction of the orientals would have taken place many centuries ago, for among the many peculiar and primitive customs of the semicivilized races of the Holy Land one of the most loathsome practiced today is that called by westerners "dipping in the dish." The custom dates back to Biblical days.

Witnessing an Arab meal, one truly wonders that there can be any human beings left to carry on this horrid custom when one considers how great are the precautions deemed necessary in civilized lands both for the sake of cleanliness and for checking the spread of disease, for it is a collection of dirty and grimy hands that one sees around the one common dish of rice and beans or of sour milk which constitutes the principal meal of the day either in the home or in the field.

To watch these hungry beings setting to work to devour their food, making use of their black hands reeking with filth and grime, is enough to take away one's own appetite. True enough, according to the religious laws of both Mohammedans and Jews, it is required that the hands be washed before eating as well as before praying. Correct manners demand that the bearer of a pitcher shall pour water over the hands of each member of a group sitting down to eat. Where the people are well to do both pitcher and basin are of silver, and a towel is carried on the bearer's arm for the wiping of hands. Ordinary people simply pour the water over the hands, letting it fall to the ground and using the corner of the flowing robe for a towel.

But even when they do thus "wash their hands" before sitting down to eat the scarcity of water allows only a so called "cat's lick," and, as soap is an unknown quantity to the Arab, this sprinkling of water over his finger tips does not really lessen the dirt on the hands, as they are rarely washed at other times, nor does it remove any germs of disease that must inevitably have settled there during the day's intercourse with animals and friends and neighbors of every class and condition, to each of whom a hearty salutation has been offered in the shape of much handshaking and effusive kissing of both hands and faces, all of which would tend more or less to spread germs.

When one thinks of the numerous lepers in Palestine, who are allowed much freedom, and of those afflicted with minor skin diseases, who mingle freely with others regardless of the possibility of infection, without mentioning the appalling prevalence of ophthalmia, about which there is absolutely no care or precaution taken, it becomes a feminine shudder, this mingling of soiled and diseased hands in one common dish of food at the same time and the placing of these hands within the eyes and mouths of their brethren [illegible] [illegible] by their [illegible] fellows.

Still more repelling than this custom of dipping one's fist into one's own mouth with a slick and greasy hands in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

$500 REWARD! FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

The Vice-President Independent Order of Good Templars.

An experience which many women have was related by Miss Agnes Stebbins, of 231 East 26th Street, New York city, as follows: "I had very poor health for a year until life looked dark and dreary to me. Had headaches, backache, also pain, my sleep was broken and fitful. I longed for health. Tried several medicines but none were of any lasting benefit until I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I soon realized that I had found the right remedy. It helped nature to throw off the poisons that vitiated the system, removed all pains and strengthened the digestive organs, and brought the roses of health back to my cheeks. This medicine if taken faithfully keeps the system in perfect condition, helping it to throw off the disease and consequences of exposure to dampness. I am pleased to give it my endorsement."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for the paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

THE UNIVERSAL BREAD MAKER

Mixes and Kneads Bread thoroughly **in 3 Minutes.**

Hands do not touch the dough.

Does away with hand Kneading and Makes Better Bread.

SIMPLE ✦ EASY ✦ SANITARY

SOLD BY

J. C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 19, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—C. A. Burdick has a change of advertisement in this issue.

—Miss Hallie Walker is the new stenographer and typewriter at Gallup & Benton's law office.

—The last of Fry & Comes' January Clearance Sales are now on. For prices consult their advertisement.

—Clarence Showers of State Line was lodged in jail here last Friday afternoon to await trial on the charge of burglary.

—The Lindholm Co. have concluded their big clearance sale and are now offering some great bargains in remnants in their space this week.

—"Who Should be Excluded From Church Membership?" is the topic for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "The Meaning of Night," is the evening topic.

—F. L. Webster of Cameron, Pa., has accepted a position with the Gallup Grocery Co. and enters upon his duties this week. He takes the place left vacant by the resignation of C. W. Schiffer.

—Early this morning the J. H. Buckore at Portage creek and several dwellings nearby were destroyed by fire and several families are homeless. We are unable to give full particulars at this time. The home of Mrs. Nettie Brownarby was on fire several times, but was saved by hard work.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Hon. M. F. Elliot of New York, formerly of Wellsboro, who has for several years been of counsel for the Standard Oil company, was on Jan. 1 made general solicitor of the company, which is the nature of promotion, as it formally places him at the head of the legal department of that great corporation.—Wellsboro Advocate.

—One of the most unique weddings in the history of Lycoming county, occurred at Picture Rocks, a few days ago when David Converse and Sarah Haffith were married by Rev. Alvin S. Williams, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. On account of diphtheria in his family, Mr. Williams is quarantined, so he stood at the window and recited the necessary questions to the contracting parties, who stood on the walk and shouted their answers back.—Wellsboro Gazette.

Humors of the Law.

Law and equity are two things which God has joined together and man has put asunder.

When a prisoner in Justice Maule's court was asked whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he replied, "I wish God may strike me dead if I stole the ducks." Maule waited for about a minute and then said: "Prisoner, as Providence has not interfered I must. Three months' hard labor."

A mayor on taking his seat on the bench for the first time informed the bar that during his year of office he would spare no effort to be neither partial nor impartial.—Address of Sir Albert Rollit in London.

Are Brothers Polite?

Are brothers polite to their sisters? This is not a suggestion for a "silly season" correspondence, but a question of serious import. On the answer to it depended a sister's reputation when she was seen home to her boarding house after the theater by a young man. "Brother?" cried the indignant lady who had sat up to open the door to the late comer. "That was no brother. Why, I saw him raise his hat to you when he walked away!"—London Chronicle.

The Cost of Impatience.

In the impatient mood we are apt to spend far more than is required in the doing of our work, and this excess is lost. We cannot estimate the value of the power thus misplaced. When the impatient mood becomes the habit of a lifetime, you can understand that failure and perhaps loss of health and energy are inevitable.—Emily S. Bouton in Magazine of Mysteries.

His Humor Lost.

"This payroll is too big," exclaimed the manager of the "Hamlet" company. "Can't we get along with less people?"

"You might give up the ghost," suggested one of the gravediggers.

And the manager, wrongly thinking the suggestion referred to himself, discharged the humorist instanter.

Why, Indeed?

"Why, oh, why," remarked the observer of events and things, "will a woman smile with delight when she sees a hat in a milliner's window and frown when she sees the same hat on her neighbor's head?"

The Dead Line.

Outer—It's a dreadful responsibility to bring up a boy in the way he should go. Flouter—Dead easy. Just take good care he doesn't go the same way you go.—New York Times.

Dead counselors are the most instructive because they are heard with patience and reverence.—Johnson.

Once Was Enough For Him.

A piano tuner in an uptown apartment had just settled down to his work when the woman of the house came into the room, dressed for the street.

"Are you going out?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, with some surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"I heard you tell the maid when she went out a few minutes ago to be sure and be home by 10 o'clock."

"I did. It is her evening out."

"And there is nobody else in the apartment?"

"Certainly not," replied the woman, showing some irritation. "Are you afraid to stay here alone?"

"Sure, I am," answered the piano tuner, gathering up his tools, "and I don't mean to either. The firm does not ask us to unless we wish. I had my lesson two years ago. After I had worked in an apartment alone a man called to polish the furniture. He worked alone too. Next day several valuable articles were reported missing, and I was visited by the police. I knew I hadn't taken them. The furniture man swore he hadn't, and I believed him. It was a week of suspicion and misery for me and my family, that I'll never forget. I take no more chances. I'll come back tomorrow when the maid is here."—New York Press.

A Story of Tom Marshall.

Tom Marshall, Kentucky's famous wit, attended a phrenologist's lecture one night. Marshall had been drinking, and when he returned to his hotel after the lecture he drank more. The drink gave him belief in his phrenological powers, and he declared that he could read heads as well as the lecturer. So it was decided to test his skill upon some of the guests of the hotel. Both ladies and gentlemen assembled in the parlor, and Marshall, who knew most of them, furnished an hour's uproarious fun by hitting off their failings. When he had visited an empty headed dandy whose head had not been examined loudly and pompously called attention to the fact that Marshall had neglected him. "I beg your pardon, sir," said Marshall, "did you ring?" "Certainly not," exclaimed the dandy. "I am too drunk to read small print by candlelight."—Argonaut.

Corruption of Smyrna.

In the Eastern town of Smyrna, in the Ottoman empire, the Turkish governor of the province is one of the boodlingest rulers of the myriad lootocracies that exist upon the earth. A famous traveler says that in May and June, the middle of June the whole business of the great Smyrna carpet factories is practically at a standstill, because the governor will not issue the export permits, without which the carpets cannot be shipped to the buyers, until he has received his "squeeze." Then the factories resume operations, and after a brief while the carpets are ready for shipment. Then the governor will not issue the permits without another squeeze, and the factories close down again. And so it goes on, the governor squeezing the factories and the factories squeezing the workmen, who squeeze the children, who squeeze the parents, who squeeze the grandparents, who squeeze the dead.

What Becomes of Pins.

Although we are told when the question is asked, What becomes of pins? that they fall to the earth and become terrapins, a gentleman has gone to some trouble to find out that this is not so and to give us the correct answer. He has found that pins are resolved into dust. Hairpins, which he watched for 154 days disappeared by rusting away at the end of that time. Bright pins took nearly eight months to disappear, polished steel needles nearly two years and a half; brass pins had little endurance; steel pens were nearly gone at the end of eighteen months, though their wooden holders were still intact.

Early American Theatricals.

The earliest attempt to introduce theatrical performances in this country was made about 1686 in New England, but Increase Mather wrote and spoke so forcibly in opposition to the project that it was speedily abandoned. The first theatrical performance in New York city of which there is any clear record was given March 5, 1750. The theater was on Nassau street, between John street and Maiden lane, and the play was "Richard III." Thomas Kean, the junior manager of the company, enacting the part of Richard.

A Serious Question.

"Mamma," said five-year-old Nellie, "I'd like to ask your advice about something."

"What is it, dear?" queried her mother.

"After I get through school what would you advise me to do while I'm waiting to be married?" asked the little miss.

Why Great Novel Writers Are Scarce.

The number of great novel writers is small. A deep experience of the world and human beings is given to few, because few can bear the suffering which is its price, and fewer still have the moral courage to tell the truth.—John Oliver Hobbes.

Her Reserve.

"I trust, Miss Tappit," said the kindly employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day."

"Yes, sir," answered the young woman; "I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh."

Sunday Mornings.

A man thinks he is tired and must stay abed Sunday morning to rest up, when it is only because everything else you can do that day is a terrible bore.—New York Press.

Friendship between women is frequently only a suspension of hostilities.—Gray.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Slavery In America.

"One of the common, everyday errors which are taught in the schools in America is that which relates to the introduction into the western hemisphere of African slavery," writes a critic. "The school histories which the schoolgirl and schoolboy study say that it dates from 1619 or 1620, when a Dutch sea captain sold the English settlers the first African. The year 1501, however, is the date of the earliest reference in American history to negroes coming from Spain to America, 122 years before Albany, N. Y., was settled by the Dutch and 106 years before Jamestown, Va., was settled by the English. In 1505 King Ferdinand of Spain wrote to Orando, then governor of Hispaniola, 'I will send more negro slaves, as you request.' In 1510 fifty negro slaves were sent to work in the mines of Hispaniola. There is a record of King Ferdinand's response to a request of Las Casas, bishop of La Concepcion, in Hispaniola, that more negroes should be imported. He said, 'There are already many negroes on the island.' This was in the year 1514."

The Jap Baby.

How do you suppose the babies in Japan take an airing? In baby carriages, you say? Of course not. The Japanese never do anything the way we do it. When the baby's about three days old it goes out for its first glimpse of the world strapped on somebody's back, and that's the way it goes every day till it can go on its own feet. Sometimes its mother or its nurse takes it, but very often it rides on the back of a brother or sister, who is perhaps not more than four or five years old. These little nurses don't seem to be troubled at all by their charges, as you would suppose. They play ball and ring and run races and fly kites in spite of the heavy loads on their backs. What is more remarkable, the babies are perfectly happy and hardly ever cry, though when their young nurses run with them the poor babies' faces bing back and forth against their caretakers' shoulders till an American baby would howl with pain and rage.—Berlin Bumble in St. Nicholas.

Why She Turned Vegetarian.

An English countess who has many American friends recently became a vegetarian. The other day in a letter to New York she accounted for her change of food.

"Not long ago," she wrote, "I visited a slaughter house.

"I can't tell you how everything was stained deep with blood; how there arose from the drenched, dark floors the peculiar odor of blood.

"As I was hurrying away there heard little lambs were led in by a man with a long, shining knife. Filled with pity and indignation, I said:

"'How can you be so cruel as to put these innocent little lambs to death?'

"'Why, madam,' said the man, 'you wouldn't eat them alive, would you?'"

The Original Fruit Canners.

We are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canned fruit. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Cincinnatians found in what had been the pantry of a house many jars of preserved figs. One was opened, and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year fruit canning was introduced into the United States, the process being identical with that in vogue at Pompeii twenty centuries ago.

The Courtesy of War.

In the battle of Feihuangcheng the Japanese took among their captures two enormous Chinese vases of thirteenth century workmanship. On learning that they were a present to General Kuropatkin, General Kuroki promptly dispatched them to the Russian outposts with a polite note ending, "May the flowers of friendship blossom high in these vases." In Kuropatkin's reply he referred to the Japanese as "a people of generous friends whom I visited in peace, of magnanimous foes in war, at whose hands even defeat is no disgrace."

A Quaint Story.

The Irish solicitor general, speaking the other day upon delusions, told a story of a north of Ireland Protestant who was perfectly sane save on one point. This staunch Protestant harbored the delusion that one of his legs belonged to a Roman Catholic, and therefore when he went to bed every night he used to leave the Catholic leg outside the blanket by way of punishment.

A Souvenir Spoon.

Aunt Jane—Edith, didn't I see Mr. Sweetser kissing you in the hall last night? Edith—Yes, but it was only in remembrance of former days. Aunt Jane—A sort of souvenir spoon, I suppose you mean.—Boston Transcript.

Sarcastic.

Buggins—See here, porter, this mirror is so dusty I can't see myself in it. Hotel Porter (who has not been tipped by Buggins)—Strikes me you ought to be mighty thankful, 'stid o' makin' a fuss about it.—London Tit-Bits.

Its Chief Merit.

Clara—I don't see why you liked that group picture of our society. It wasn't particularly good of you, Isabelle—I know it, but it was so perfectly horrid of that conceited Miss Gushing.—Detroit Free Press.

Amazed.

Newman—I met your wife today for the first time, and, for one thing, I found she was outspoken. Henpeck—You surprise me! By whom?—Philadelphia Press.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

JUMP FEVER.

A Sort of Mania That Sometimes Affects Engine Drivers.

In a party of locomotive engineers who were talking about old time fellow craftsmen reference was made to one old timer who had come to his death through "jump fever." "What's 'jump fever?'" inquired an outsider who was interested in the conversation. "'Jump fever,'" explained an engineer, "is a sort of hallucination that affects some engineers and leads them to leap from the cab to escape a supposed impending collision. It's mostly freight engineers that are affected. On long runs out west a freight engineer may be thirty-six hours at the throttle without much chance for rest owing to unships. He gets sleepy and dozes in the cab. All of a sudden he wakes up, out his faculties are scattered, and what with lightness of the head and the motion of the cab he gets an idea that a collision is about to happen. In a semiconscious state he dives out of his window, and the chances are he's a goner when he lands. The engineer we referred to had done the trick twice, but he was killed the third time out on the Santa Fe road."—Philadelphia Record.

VELOCITY OF ELECTRICITY.

Spark and Mirror Method by Which It Was Determined.

To determine the velocity of electricity a "spark board" was filled with six insulated knobs in a straight line. The distance between 1 and 2 was the tenth of an inch, between 2 and 3 was a quarter of a mile of insulated wire, from 3 to 4 was again the tenth of an inch, between 4 and 5 was another quarter of a mile of wire, and between 5 and 6 was once more the tenth of an inch.

When the jar was discharged there were three sparks, one from 1 to 2, one from 3 to 4 and one from 5 to 6. It was found by viewing these in a rapidly revolving mirror that the image of the spark between 3 and 4, which could only be formed after the wire coils had been traversed, lagged a little behind the other two.

This displacement of the image was then measured, and as the velocity of the mirror was known the velocity of the electrical discharge was determined as 288,000 miles a second.

A Case of Too Much Children.

In a volume of reminiscences a very funny story is told of the late Bishop Bloomfield, who, having a family by his first wife, married a second time. This Mrs. Bloomfield was a widow with a brood of her own, and in the course of time family quarrels broke out. One day the bishop was disturbed by his wife running into his study in a great state of excitement. "What is it, dear?" he testily inquired. "Oh, bishop," was her agonized reply. "Quick, quick! There's not a moment to lose. Your children are siding with my children and are murdering our children!"

DOUBLY JOYFUL

holidays are in store for those who accept our services First because our

Plumbing

is the kind that stays good for a long time. Second because we do it quickly and get away. Third because our bill means a substantial saving over the usual charges for such work. Any plumbing to do?

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. ROBIN BLOCK Smethport.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

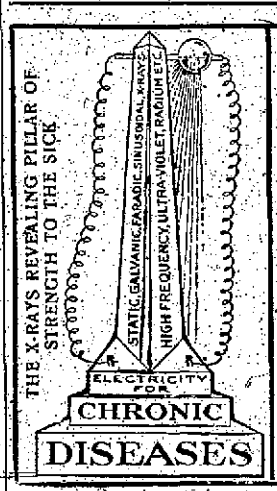
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes

Smethport - - Penn.

March 7, 1903.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair, to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists



J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory, for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport,

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE. Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES,

COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. RACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 19, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR SHERIFF.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

DUFF MCALLISTER.

Bradford, Jan. 2, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

Smethport, Jan. 4, 1905.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

MICHAEL MILLER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township subject to the nuages of the Republican party.

MICHAEL HERZOG.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

N. U. HYDE.

East Smethport, Jan. 9, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

C. H. BROWN.

Davis Run, Jan. 17, 1905.

Borough Republican Caucus.

The Republican caucus for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following borough offices will be held at the regular polling place in the basement of the court house in Smethport borough, on Saturday, January 28, 1905:

Two persons for School Directors (3 years).
Three persons for Councilmen (3 years).
One person for Constable (3 years).
One person for High Constable (3 years).
One person for Auditor (3 years).
One person for Judge of Election (1 year).
One person for Inspector of Election (1 year).

Polls will open at 4 o'clock p. m. and remain open until 8 o'clock p. m.

Persons wishing to have their names appear on the ticket must leave 500 with the Committeeman at least 5 days prior to the date of the caucus.

W. A. OSTRANDER,
Committeeman.

THE State Legislature re-convened on Tuesday after a two weeks' recess.

C. H. BROWN of Davis announces his candidacy this week for the nomination of Supervisor of Keating township. Mr. Brown is a man well qualified for the position he seeks and is justly popular among the voters. He will undoubtedly make a strong showing at the Republican primaries, January 28.

A BILL has been introduced at Washington providing for granting to all rural free delivery carriers who have been in service for over a year prior to July 1, 1905, a leave of absence of fifteen days, without loss of pay and to carriers less than one year in service leave of absence of one and a quarter days for each month served.

SINCE the fall of Port Arthur war news has been very scarce. Russia, however, is experiencing a good deal of trouble at home in preventing a general uprising, the masses being very much dissatisfied with the manner the powers that be are conducting the war and affairs of state generally. Dispatches from St. Petersburg yesterday were to the effect that General Trepoff, chief of police of Moscow, has been assassinated while enroute from that city for the capitol. The report is given some credence, owing to the fact that several attempts to assassinate the chief of police have been made.

PHILANDER C. KNOX was elected United States Senator from Pennsylvania on Tuesday for both the short and long terms. He received a large majority vote in both branches of the General Assembly. He was first chosen to succeed himself as the Governor's appointee for the balance of the term, which expires on March 4 next, and then he was elected for the term of six six years, which begins with the expiration of the short term. In the Senate Mr. Knox received 38 votes to nine votes for James K. P. Hall, the Democratic candidate. In the House on the first roll call Mr. Knox got 165 votes to 14 for Mr. Hall.

THE Philadelphia Inquirer says: There seems every likelihood that in a short time there will be some normal Federal control of that most discreditable of American traffic arrangements, the secret rebate to the large shipper. The President has set his mind on this, the public wants it and congress will do the work, either at this session or at one to be called. Much interest has been manifested in the visit of President Cassett to President Roosevelt. Although no official report has been made of the conference, it would not be difficult to hazard a statement of what took place. President Cassett is as much against discrimination and rebates as is President Roosevelt, and it is only necessary to look back upon his career to demonstrate that this is so.

THE Republican primaries of this borough will be held on Saturday of next week, between the hours of 4 and 8 p. m., and at this time good substantial citizens should be selected to fill our borough offices. In past years it has been a hard matter to induce people to accept such nominations and sometimes it was almost impossible to fill the ticket. This is not as it should be. There should be enough good natured strife between our voters for these offices to bring out every voter in town to the caucus, and there should be enough candidates on the ticket to create an interest and thereby place the very best men for these offices on the ticket. We have a good corps of borough officers and let us take sufficient interest in the primary elections to see that the standard is not lowered.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Japan tells of the spirit of patriotism that dominates the people. The case is cited of a young Japanese who was anxious to enter the army, but who was refused by the recruiting officers because he was the only support of his widowed mother. The mother was anxious that her son might serve his country, and pleaded that he might be enlisted; but the officers stuck to the letter of the law and would not accept him. On the next day the mother bade her son an affectionate farewell, saying that she was going to visit a friend. Instead, she walked to a nearby stream and committed suicide by drowning. Her son then was allowed to enlist. The Spartan mother so renowned in history could not have made a greater sacrifice for her country than did this Japanese mother.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Jan. 14, 1905.

The Judiciary Committee of the Senate now has under advisement a bill introduced by Senator Gallinger last March providing that after the Fourth of March next the salary of the President of the United States shall be increased from $50,000 to $75,000, of the Vice President, and of the Cabinet officers from $8,000 to $12,000 and of Senators and Representatives from $5,000 to $8,000. Still more recently a bill was introduced in the House providing that the President after his retirement from office should receive $25,000 a year during his life. These bills are in no way like the famous salary grab of the seventies when Congress voted itself not only increased salaries but back pay, for the Senate recommendation states that the bill is not intended to take effect during the life of the present Congress. It is interesting to observe with what unanimity the desire for an increase of the salary of the President is felt. Almost without exception the Senators and Representatives declare themselves to be in favor not alone of an increase but of a permanent income for a retired president. There is a concensus of opinion that the work of the President has vastly increased since the law was passed giving him a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, and that compared with the compensation paid by other countries to their rulers the sum of $100,000 yearly would not be large. Concerning the amount to be paid after the retirement of a President many congressmen are emphatic in saying that it is the business of the country to see that her ex-presidents are provided for in a way that becomes the dignity of the office and the Nation. The Democrats in Congress who have been interviewed on the subject are of course less enthusiastic for they have but one ex-president and Grover Cleveland is already a wealthy man, and reflecting that Roosevelt is still a young man and after his term has expired would draw a salary for perhaps forty years, their indifference may be understood.

Humane people in Washington are much interested in a bill that has passed the House and is pending in the Senate to prevent the cutting off of the fleshy and bony part of the horses' tails—docking as it is called. The operation is really a severing of an extension of the vertebral column and besides causing excrutiating pain it renders the horse defenseless for all time against tormenting flies. It is urged by the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals that all humane people shall write to their members and Senators urging their support of this bill. It is known as Senate bill 2086 and applies only to the District of Columbia but it is probable that inasmuch as some states, led by Colorado, have passed such a bill, similar bills will be taken up and passed in different states. There should in fact be an amendment to the bill making it a penal offense to clip horses in the winter season. Electrical shearing machines are in use in many stables and remove the long hair which nature provides all animals in cold weather, and at the very season when men and women don extra warm underclothing, furs and overcoats, their horses at the behest of a cruel fad or fashion may be seen in Washington and in other cities naked to the skin in coldest and wettest weather.

Senators and Representatives have been overwhelmed of late by letters, telegrams, long distance phone messages and messengers direct demanding information regarding the probable action of Congress on the railroad freight rate question. The business centres of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and even cities in the far west are thoroughly alarmed by the activity of the "administration congressmen" who are supposed to be at work on a bill which will cripple the railways.

The agitation of the bill during the last week and the talk of an extra session has produced an apprehension in industrial and financial circles, affecting stocks, the writers claim. The answers sent by Congressmen have so far been reassuring and for the most part contain positive information that Congress is not stampeding to legislate on the subject. "The panic stricken applicants for information should remember," said one Congressmen who had been rather overwhelmed by correspondence on the subject, "that there is a big difference between recommendation and enactment."

Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, who is the wealthiest man in the Senate, arrived in Washington Thursday from Paris with his twenty-two year old wife. Mrs. Clark was the daughter of a street musician of Butte, Montana, who died leaving a family of seven children penniless. Senator, the plain "W. A." adopted two of the girls and after educating this one, married her about three years ago. The marriage was not announced until a few months ago, because as the brave Senator said, he was afraid of his grown children. Now though the wife and baby are openly acknowledged although the baby remains in Europe with its nurses and governesses. If Washington society accepts Mrs. Clark the Senator will build a fine house on the site of the old Stewart Castle, opposite the Leiter mansion, famous as the home of Mary Leiter, now Lady Curzon, wife of the viceroy of India. Mrs. Clark is young, pretty, a musician and a linguist. Washington appreciates these qualities and it is probable that she will become a leader in society, which is, by no means, as snobbish as it is reputed. If a person is tactful and agreeable he or she will have invitations, and occasionally a woman even without money or distinction becomes an arbiter of fashion, as for example Miss Belle Hagner, who was a stenographer under President Cleveland, is now secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt. She is one of the most sought after women in society and dines not only at state dinners at the White House but is a favored guest at the embassies.

A Popular Priest.

Under an excellent portrait of a former priest of St. Elizabeth's church of this place the Port Allegany Reporter says:

The most of you know the above features. They are those of Rev. P. J. Donahue of St. Mary's church, Sartwell, Pa. He is just closing up one of the most successful years in his church that has been experienced in a church. The church and church property, a very valuable property on Newell creek, are free from debt of every description and there is considerable money to the good in the treasury, strong evidence that St. Mary's congregation stands in with its pastor. Early in the spring work will be commenced in remodelling the church and many desirable improvements will be made. Next fall a fine hall will be built on the lot across the road from the church, in all of which the well-to-do farmers of that section are with him and the money will be in sight when the work is completed.

NO GUESSING NECESSARY

Where to go for a BARGAIN in a Suit or an Overcoat. We always sell the best goods at the lowest price possible, but to secure

THE SAME GOODS

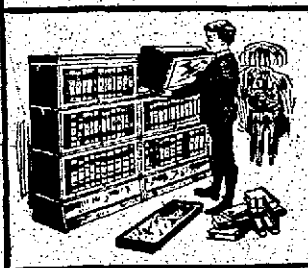
at prices as quoted below should cause you to come here to be fitted at once:

$13.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $16.50 to $20.
$11.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $13.50 to $15.
$ 8.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $10.50 to $12.50, and
$7.50 Suits or Overcoats go now for $5.00.

Other goods reduced too.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE



Globe-Wernicke "ELASTIC" BOOKCASE with perfect end-locking device, perfection roller-bearing dust-proof doors. A perfect sectional bookcase for home or office. Call and see it, or send for catalogue.

GROCERIES

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

SMOKERS

SHOULD TRY

STEBER'S

CIGARS

for a good, sweet, satisfying smoke as they are the highest type of five cent cigar made, and have the ear marks of a ten cent cigar.

Try one and you will become a regular customer. Ask for

DAVIS BRAND

You cannot get them anywhere except of

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

L. K. Hogarth
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS
Prescriptions accurately compounded.
LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

And we say to our many, many friends
A HAPPY, HAPPY NEW YEAR
and here's hoping 1905 may have naught but happiness in store for you.

H. W. RUBIN, METHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

TAKING AN ACCOUNT OF STOCK AT STORE OF D. C. YOUNG.

To those who are interested in bargains would say, that I have arranged a bargain counter in my store and many things will be sold at cost and even less to close out the stock and make room for new spring goods.

I would particularly mention a lot of felt shoes, slippers, etc. Any one interested will be welcome to look over these goods whether they buy or not, and you will undoubtedly find many things which can be used at greatly reduced prices.

This will only last while the Inventory is going on.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
January 3, 1905.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

It Isn't Too Early
To Think About
Boys' Clothes
Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Cloth Store

STOP! READ! and REFLEC
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHER
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTION
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOE
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRIC

Remnant Sale.

The Largest Clearance Sale on Record Here which ended Jan. 14th left us many Remnants in Every Department which we now place on sale.

Some at Half Price
Others at Less than Half Price
All at Exceptional Bargain Prices

Coats, Suits, Furs, Dress Goods, Silks, Suitings, Flannelettes, Outing Flannels, Carpets, Mattings, etc.

Almost every line of goods in the store is represented in this sale.
THE EARLY BUYER GETS THE CHOICE SELECTIONS.

The Lindholm Company

"Real Economy" Gas Ranges.

THE NEW WAY

Why break your back operating "old fashioned" "low-oven" Gas Ranges? "Real Economy" Gas Ranges have "Elevated Oven and Broiler." No stooping nor bending necessary to operate. THINK IT OVER.

The "Real Economy" is the original Elevated Oven Gas Range.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 19, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Burglars are plying their vocation quite extensively in Bradford.

—Moutheimer's offer as seen in his new ad. should bring him plenty of business.

—Republican primaries for this borough will be held on Saturday, Jan. 20, from 4 to 8 p. m.

—A wise writer says that "worry kills more people than work, because more people tackle the former."

—A dance will be given at the Temple opera house, Eldred, on Jan. 27, for the benefit of the band of that place.

—Richmond Brownell, aged 80 years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. Kenyon, in Duke Centre on Tuesday.

—Harvey G. Burkhouse of Kane has recently been admitted to practice law in the several courts of McKean county.

—Stuber's cigars are advertised by J. Colegrove in his space this week. Smokers should read what he has to say.

—Hon. George C. Pagnan has announced himself as a candidate for mayor of Bradford on the Democratic ticket.

—The Woman's Auxiliary will serve a chicken pie supper at the Parish House on Thursday, Jan. 19, beginning at 5:30 o'clock.

—N. H. Knapp has been appointed bookkeeper for the Haines' Flint Glass Bottle Company. He entered upon his duties on Monday.

—Mr. S. H. Lewis and Miss Belle Haskell of Coudersport were married last Thursday. The groom is an ex-Prothonotary of Potter county.

—Members of the Smethport Fish & Game Club are requested to call at the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. and sign applications for trout fry to be placed in our streams next spring.

—The cantata, "The Crowning of Christmas" given at the M. E. church last Thursday evening was a success. There was a large attendance and all speak well of the performance.

—Dora Clegg, an inmate of a house of ill repute at Bradford, committed suicide at an early hour Saturday morning by taking carbolic acid. She was aged 28 years and her parents lived at Osceola Mills, Pa.

—Harriet, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Jones, met with a peculiar accident Tuesday morning. In some manner a button became lodged in her nostril and it required the assistance of Dr. Ostrander to remove the obstacle.

—The McKean County Teachers' Association will hold a meeting at Derrick City next Friday evening and Saturday. An excellent program has been arranged and a large attendance is expected.

—Smethport fanciers sent eleven coops of poultry to the Poultry Show which is being held at Olean this week. Last year Smethport parties carried off several prizes and we expect they will get something this time.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects for the third Sunday after the Epiphany will be "The Purpose of Miracles" and "Living Faith."

—Miss Jessie Selover, who has acted in the capacity of stenographer and typewriter for Gallup & Bonton for the past two or three years, has resigned her position with this law firm and has returned to her home in Olean.

—At the Republican primaries held in Bradford the following city ticket was nominated: Dr. Fred W. Winger for Mayor; H. M. Cosgrove for Controller; Wm. Bovaird, Jr., for City Treasurer; E. R. Sherman for City Assessor.

—A number of neighbors and friends of Mrs. B. J. Cummings tendered her a surprise at her home on Cemetery street Tuesday evening. The guests were made welcome by their hostess and the evening was passed in a pleasant manner.

—The Punxsutawney spirit has discovered a Clearfield county woman who claims to have sixteen hens that laid 3,000 eggs during the year 1904. The eggs were marketed at an average of 30 cents per dozen or $50 for the year's product.

—Invention is announced of a device whereby a typewriter operated at one end of a wire operates another machine at a distance, the work being duplicated on a second machine. This is expected to revolutionize the telegraph business of the world.

—Manager Clark of the Lyceum gives notice that the curtain will rise at 8:30 p. m. at the production of "The Holy City" next Monday evening and also states that intoxicated persons or babes in arms will not be allowed admission to the theatre.

—Wednesday evening a Kane liveryman drove to Mt. Jewett with a party, and with a view to making change, when it came time for settlement, left the team standing unattended in front of one of our hotels, while he went into the house to make change. The horses became frightened during his absence and ran away, going through to Smethport, where they they turned in at the Daly livery without damage to the rig or the loss of even the whip or a robe. On Thursday a driver was sent after the strays, and they were driven home.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Sweeney entertained a party of friends at cards at their home on Center street Tuesday evening. The high prize was awarded to Mrs. J. C. Backus and the low one to Miss Mattie Backus. During the evening elegant refreshments were served.

—Rev. James A. Lavery, priest of St. Callistus church, Kane, died early Monday morning, after an extended illness, aged 44 years. Father Lavery had been in charge of the Kane parish for six and a half years and was held in high esteem by all with whom he came in touch.

—Mrs. Dorothy Young of East Bradford was shot in the arm with a revolver at her home Wednesday evening. The wound is not serious and she will soon recover. According to the Era there is a mystery connected with this affair, she having told conflicting stories as to how the shooting occurred.

—The Case & Son Cutlery company, which is now located at Little Valley, N. Y., has decided to move its plant to Bradford. This new industry will employ from 125 to 150 men and will be a valuable addition to that city's industries. There is also talk of the Platts' Cutlery plant, now located at Eldred, moving to Bradford.

—The contest for county superintendent of schools promises to be spirited this spring. There are at least three candidates in the field; Prof. J. E. Myers, the present efficient incumbent, Prof. B. S. Bayle of Mt. Jewett and Prof. H. M. Wilson of Port Allegany, and each are capable of filling the office in a satisfactory manner.

—The Board of Railroad Commissioners has determined that the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad company may cross highways in the town of Portville, Cattaraugus county, and towns of Genesee, Wirt and Friendship, Allegany county, and villages of Richburg and Bolivar, Allegany county, as it is now constructed across the highways.

—W. J. Flaherty has resigned his position in Holmes & Gilfillan's hardware store and on Monday left for Buffalo to accept a position as traveling salesman with C. A. Weed & Co. During the two years that Mr. Flaherty has resided in Smethport he has made many friends who, while regretting his departure, will wish him success in his new vocation.

—The beauty of the performance as directed by Gordon & Bennett with their attractions, is not forgotten; thus the unusual praise given to "The Holy City," is accepted without question. That the new production presents a great drama powerfully acted and superbly mounted, is acclaimed from every direction that has been visited and the performance here may be anticipated with pleasure. At Lyceum Monday evening, Jan. 23.

—The Di Santi murder case at Buffalo is attracting a great amount of attention all through this part of the country. The theory that Di Santi is a member of the Black Hand, is being thoroughly exploited. A Buffalo detective was in Smethport one day last week and interviewed Maria Bianca, the young woman who was murderously assaulted at Larabee last October, but beyond the fact that she was acquainted with Di Santi, nothing was given the newspapers as the result of the examination.

—Rev. W. Scott Wilson, a Methodist minister, and formerly a member of the Central Pennsylvania conference, was found dead in the city prison at Altoona on Sunday morning. He was arrested late Saturday night while helplessly intoxicated. Wilson had occupied Methodist charges in Williamsport, Houtzdale and other places, before being dropped by the conference on account of his unfortunate. He was an orator of exceptional ability. Since leaving the ministry he was employed at times as a writer for Altoona newspapers. He was aged 51 years.

—Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Janet Hamlin, daughter of Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, to Mr William Lewis Hanimar of Walsh, W. Va., at St. Luke's Church on Tuesday, Jan. 24th, at twelve noon. Very few invitations have been issued and there will be no reception except for the immediate members of the family and young friends of the bride. The reason for this will be remembered, as otherwise in the case of so popular a young bride, a large social function would have been in place. It is understood, however, that at all services in St. Luke's Church, all are welcome who wish to attend.

Sportsmen Take Notice.

A meeting of the McKean County Fish and Game Protective Association will be held Tuesday, Jan. 24, at 8 p. m. in the parlors of the Hotel Holley, Bradford, Pa.

The meeting is called to discuss the feasibility of ridding the woods of McKean county, by the poison route, of the animals that prey upon rabbits and game birds as set forth by Editor McClellan in a recent issue of the Mt. Jewett Herald.

In case the sportsmen of McKean county are interested and would like to see the method above referred to given a thorough trial, and will co-operate with the association in their efforts, steps will be taken immediately to put the plan in action.

All those who feel interested in the protection of our fish and game, whether sportsmen or not, should attend this meeting.

Big bargains in baby push sleds at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hides and furs.

Personal Mention.

G. W. Mitchell had business in Bradford last Friday.

James McKean transacted business in Bradford Saturday.

T. W. Camp was a business visitor in Bradford last Friday.

Editor Blackman of the Port Allegany Argus was in town Monday.

Miss Lucy Ashton of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town Sunday.

Joe McCarty of Mt. Jewett was the guest of friends in town Sunday.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town yesterday.

W. S. Palmer left yesterday for Rochester, N. Y., on a business mission.

Mrs. Chas. Keefer and Mrs. George Schroth visited Port Allegany friends this week.

C. H. Brown of Davis had business in town Tuesday and made this office a pleasant call.

Col. M. M. Gillette arrived this week from Newark, Ohio, and is visiting his wife and child.

Martin Hanson of the Ingram Printing Co. of Bradford was in attendance at court this week.

J. Clayton Backus and F. L. Holmes returned Tuesday evening from a business trip to Buffalo.

Capt. L. T. Borchers and Wm. I. Bartholomew of Warren were in attendance at court this week.

Hon. Henry Hamlin and son, Orlo J. Hamlin, left Monday afternoon for a trip through the South with the Goodyear brothers on their private Pullman car.

Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Mrs. Henry Hamlin, Mrs. J. C. Hamlin and Mrs. H. E. Merrill attended the Consecration services of the new Grace church at Ridgway on last Tuesday.

Three Escapes.

It is seldom that one small community can record three fires in one week, and escape without serious loss in each instance, yet that was the case in Hazelhurst this week.

About 10 a. m. Sunday a block in the tank of the Brady Window Glass company gave way, letting the molten glass escape, but prompt action on the part of workmen stopped the flow, thereby saving the plant from damage.

At 4 a. m. Wednesday a car loaded with charcoal standing on the siding by the plant of the Bradford Chemical company, was discovered to be on fire, and again the flames were suppressed with trifling damage.

At 6:45 p. m. Thursday the glass in the tank of the Berney-Bond Bottle company plant overflowed, and for a time threatened the plant with destruction, and this ended the fires of the week in what may be called a very satisfactory manner.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Horses for Sale.

For sale four good business horses weighing from 950 to 1000 pounds; age disposition and prices are right. If you want a horse come and see us.

A. T. Palmer,
B. D. Ames.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 19, 1905.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office now later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the Miner. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it:

For Sale.

I will sell my half interest in the Palmer & Vickery livery stable at a reasonable price for cash or approved paper. Inquire of F. J. Vickery, Smethport, Pa.

The Blue Flame Heater; just the proper thing. No smoke or smell. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Go to Charles Lemmler for robes, blankets and bells. No better line can be found.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Monday, January 23.

GORDON & BENNETT

PRESENT THE MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION

THE HOLY CITY

The Grandest of All Bible Plays Beautifully Staged—Historically Costumed—Splendidly Acted by a Company of Eminent Merit.

GUARANTEED ATTRACTION

SEE THE HOLY CITY NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

Prices for this engagement only 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Seats now on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c — MONARCH SHIRT $1.50 & $1.50

FRY & COMES

LAST OF THE

January Clearing Sales.

Wednesday, the 25th, will be the last day of the January bargain giving. To-day we print a new list of seasonable goods very much reduced. They're things you need every day now and it would be the best sort of economy to anticipate your wants for some time to come.

Wrappers at 75c
One lot of about fifty good Percale Wrappers in Blues, Grays, Reds, Blacks, etc. Regular prices $1.00 to $1.25.

Wool Flannels 23c
Five pieces in Gray and Red Stripes, Checks & Plain. Excellent for shirts or underskirts, 20 in. regular price 28c.

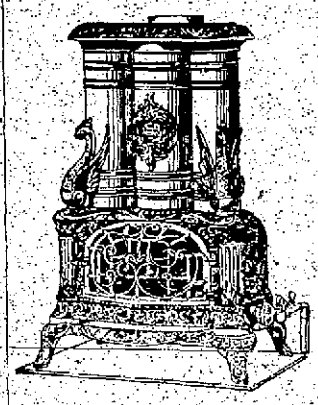
Fascinators
Several styles in Black, White and colors.
Twenty-five cent grade at 19c
Fifty cent grade at 38c

Camoshanters
All we have left in round and square shapes. Regular fifty cent goods at 38c

Belts and Neckwear
One lot 25c values at 10c
One lot 50c values at 25c

Skirts and Flannel Waists
HALF PRICE.
One lot of Waists and Skirts at just half the usual price, 50c to $1.50

Big Reduction in Furs.



JUST A MOMENT

Really, we don't expect to be able to tell you all the good points about

GARNET JEWEL HEATERS

in "just a moment," but what we would like to do is to secure your attention long enough to impress upon you the merits of this THE MOST EFFECTIVE HEATER FOR NATURAL GAS MADE.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

PRILL

Has the stock you should see before purchasing elsewhere.

DIAMONDS
Of the finest quality

ONE PRICE TO ALL

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
Lies in our store waiting to be seen;
And as you see, and handle, and admire,
You'll wonder that the prices are not higher.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

WATCHES
All makes and grades at the lowest prices.

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During this month we will give Great Reductions on all Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Children's Fur Sets, Ladies' Skirts, Flannel Waists, Infants' Cloaks, Silk, Wool or Bearskin Hoods. In fact, all winter goods must be closed out at a great sacrifice.

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MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT PA.

Long Distance Nursing

By Maria Howells

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Miss Kent stood in the hospital doorway and repented of her folly.

Six months before she had resigned a position as under nurse in a New York hospital for that of superintendent or head nurse in a hospital in the heart of West Virginia's mining district. Her predecessor had left the staff well organized, and there was no special work to counteract the home sickness which naturally followed her arrival. The biggest ward in the hospital was given over to typhoid patients, and, in truth, they overflowed this ward and took possession of three others. Nearly every new man at the mines yielded to typhoid sooner or later. It was part of the process of acclimation. The cases were rarely serious, the patients uniformly stoical. The fever ran its course, the Grimm Coal and Coke company paid the hospital charges, and the patients as stoically returned to the mines to have part of their wages deducted each month and applied on this hospital account.

The deadly monotony was getting on Marion Kent's nerves. At St. Paul's there had been no monotony. The operating room had been the workshop of some of the most marvelous surgeons in America. There had been fights for lives in which house doctors and nurses had joined hands and faltered not day or night.

The surest cure for Miss Kent's present mental condition was work, activity and a patient who was at least interesting. She felt a wild inclination to go into the convalescent ward and stir up the men, stolidly sleeping even before the night.

At this same moment she glanced down the road which led from the railway station and saw that the superintendent's special car, attached to the construction train engine, was slowing up by the water tank. A cot was carried out of the car, and four bearers brought out a limp figure swathed in a blanket. Another typhoid patient no doubt, probably a little worse than ordinary or the special would not have been called into service.

She was further surprised a few moments later to find herself greeting the superintendent of the mining company.

"I want you to give this case particular care. He is young Jack Stanton, nephew of Mr. Grimm, president of our company. It is the same old story of typhoid, and, though I warned Mr. Grimm that it would come, I feel responsible for the boy. Give him the best nurse you have and as much of your own time as you can spare."

"You call him a boy?" said Miss Kent.

"Yes; he is only eighteen. Between ourselves, Grimm claims the youngster has made him a lot of trouble. He didn't like school, and so Grimm sent him down here to learn the coal and coke business from the beginning. You'll find him rather a decent sort of patient, and for heaven's sake don't let anything happen to him. Grimm seemed glad enough to ship the boy on to me; but, just the same, I don't imagine he will be any too gentle with me if anything goes wrong."

Ten minutes later Marion Kent was in the private ward in which young Stanton had been placed. He had just received a cooling sponge bath, and he looked at her with eyes that shone with something beside fever. "My, but that felt good, and it is awfully jolly, don't you know, to see a woman's face again!"

Miss Kent turned up the lamp a trifle and bent over her new patient. It seemed to her that she had never looked into such marvelous brown eyes—eyes that could twinkle and dance and hide the deepest and tenderest of feeling. She glanced from them to the boyish features. Stanton lifted his hand weakly and felt of his chin.

"I wanted 'em to give me a shave before they brought me down. I knew I would give you women an awful start. I look so like a tramp."

Here was novelty with a vengeance, a patient who cared how he looked in the presence of the nurses.

Miss Kent sat down beside him. She felt somehow as if she ought to address him as a willful boy.

"You know this is sort of a low fever you have, and you'll get very tired of it and of us"—

"Not of you, you bet! Say, did you ever sleep on the hard side of a straw tick?"

Miss Kent shook her head and continued her little moral lecture. "I just want you to realize that while you don't feel very sick you're liable to be a good deal worse if you are not a good patient."

"Oh, I'll be good, all right. You just watch me."

And Miss Kent did watch him closely more as a psychological study than as a patient. Without asking questions, bit by bit she pieced together the history of his boyhood. She saw the businesslike, uncompromising attitude of the uncle to whom the boy had been left as a legacy by his dying mother. The wealthy bachelor had given freely of his money, but not of his sympathy. He had made no effort to understand the boy—to establish intimate relations with him. If teachers and tutors had said that the boy was lazy or indifferent he had accepted the criticism without question. She was morally certain he had never looked into those luminous brown eyes and read the truth.

On the fifth day after he arrived at the hospital she received a letter:

"Dear Madam—Mr. Grimm has received word that his nephew, John Stanton, is confined to your hospital with typhoid fever. He requests that you spare no expense to make him comfortable and to bring about his ultimate recovery. Kindly render a weekly statement to Mr. Grimm and notify him if we can ship anything that will make John more comfortable or that will expedite his recovery."

The signature was the name of Mr. Grimm's secretary.

Miss Kent laid down the letter and frowned at an engraving of Esculapius which hung over her desk. She could see the man of business in his richly appointed office turning from his telephone long enough to give the secretary some curt directions. She could also see—and the memory of that sight brought a queer choking sensation in her throat—Jack Stanton's eager face each day when the mail was being distributed.

"Any line from the governor?"

Marion Kent gave the mail to another nurse to distribute, and then she sat down to her desk. It took her a long time to frame the letter she had decided to write. She wrote it in lead pencil, erasing and interlining, and then copied it. She set the stamp upon the envelope with a triumphant uplifting of her head. Something told her that this letter would make Henry Grimm, bachelor, think.

It did. When he had read it the first time he shoved back his chair from his rich mahogany desk and stared through the window where the joyous spring sunlight was dancing on the roofs of skyscrapers. It seemed as if a sudden new light had flooded the eyrie in which Henry Grimm had been content at the game of making money and more money. He read the letter again. Then he laid it down and leaned back in his chair. It was a womanly letter, but it carried a certain force of character in every gentle phrase. And after reading it the third time Henry Grimm wrote to his nephew. He did not even dictate the letter to his secretary, but wrote it long hand. Oddly enough, at the same hour the very next morning he found himself at the same desk. The answers to these letters came in her handwriting, but they bubbled over with lavish expressions of the patient to whom the mail hour was now the happiest of the day.

Then the tenor of the letters changed. There were only daily reports from Miss Kent setting forth the trifling variations of temperature and respirations. Young Stanton was wandering in the land of delirium.

It was only natural that Miss Kent should write a few words of comfort to the now anxious man and equally natural that he should watch for those daily crumbs of comfort, but his secretary was amazed when the man of affairs suddenly announced that he was going south. Miss Kent had written that they expected the crisis in forty-eight hours.

Mr. Grimm leaned back in the chair of the parlor car and closed his eyes. "Of course he will get well. He's been keeping up this game ever since his first degree of measles. It is foolish of me to chase down there." Then he added quite inconsequently, "I'll wager she's forty-five and wears corkscrew curls."

* * * * * * *

Young Stanton had been carried out on the convalescents' porch. He was waiting for his uncle, who had gone down to White Sulphur Springs for a week's stay. "I say, governor," he said when Mr. Grimm had finished his account of his trip, "don't you think we could fix it so that Miss Kent could have a little vacation? She looks awfully tired. I think we could fix it on the score that I need her to take care of me on the trip."

Henry Grimm looked up at the mountains. They were calm and steadfast, like Marion Kent. He rose suddenly.

"Yes, I will ask her now. I think I need her myself."

Quite Understood Him.

He had had his little speech all written out for several days beforehand, and it ran like this:

"I have called, Mr. Wealthyman, to tell you frankly that I love your daughter, and I have her assurance that my affection is returned, and I hope you will give your consent for her to become my wife. I am not a rich man, but we are young and strong and are willing to fight the battle of life together, and"—There was a good deal more of it, and he could say it all glibly before he left home, but when he stood in the presence of Papa Wealthyman he said:

"I—I—that is—I—Mr. Wealthyman—I tell you frankly that—that—I—your daughter loves me and—and—I have called to—to—frankly ask you to—to—to—be my wife—er—er—that is—I—we—she—er—no—we are willing to fight—that is—we—we—are young and can fight—er—no—I hope you understand me."

Literature In Alaska.

A member of one of the government parties which journeyed through Alaska during the Klondike rush, says the author of "Through the Yukon Gold Diggings," was horrified at the lack of entertainment and good literature available for the miners.

"Doesn't it get very dull here?" he asked of an old miner at Forty Mile. "What do you do for amusement?"

"Do?" echoed the miner gravely. "Do? Why, bless you, we 'ave very genteel amusements! As for readin' an' litt'rature an' all that, w'y, w'en the fust grub comes in the spring, we 'ave a meetin' an' call all the boys together an' app'int a chairman, an' then some one reads the directions on the labels of the bakin' powder boxes."

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

BELL LORE.

Probable Origin of the Saying "Nine Tailors Make a Man."

The metal used for a bell is three parts of copper and one of tin, and this composition is almost as old as the known history of mankind, for it was discovered by Layard in the bells of old Nineveh. The tin hardens the metal, but too much makes it brittle, and a bell is a dainty and delicate creature and above all things must not be driven to cracking. Sometimes an enthusiastic ringer will bump the bell against the wooden stay above and crack it. Sometimes the long falling of the clapper on a particular spot will make a crack, and the bell should be turned every generation or so to make the clapper fall on a new place. Clock hammers are the bell's great enemy, for they strike it sideways and not in the direction of its swing, and besides they sometimes catch it as it sweeps past. A ringer who to save his muscles rings by a rope attached to the clapper will destroy the bell in next to no time.

Silver has now and then been tried for bells, but, strange to say, is almost as unmusical as lead. In the middle ages, when a great bell was to be cast crowds of the faithful would sometimes make sacrifice of their gold and silver ornaments and plate by casting them into the melting pot, but the only effect was to depreciate the tone.

In China and other eastern lands bells are rung to frighten away devils, and some of the biggest bells in the world are in Buddhist temples. But even in Christian England it was long believed that bells would dissipate storms, and when they were cast there was a solemn ceremony, at which they received names. This was called by the common people the "baptism" of the bell.

The bishop began the ceremony by solemnly washing the bell with water into which salt had been cast; then he anointed it with holy and chrism oil in the form of a cross, formally consecrating and dedicating the bell to the divine service. Candles were burned, and the bell was solemnly licensed.

Many old bells had quaint and curious inscriptions. A bell at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, dated 1652, was evidently intended chiefly as a warning in case of fire, for it was inscribed:

Lord, quench this furious flame,
And as I put out the same.

The greatest bell in the world is that at Moscow, weighing 180 tons. But apparently there was some accident at its birth, for it is cracked and there is no record of it ever having been rung. In England the greatest bells are Great Paul of London, made in 1881, and weighing nearly seventeen tons; Big Ben of Westminster, 1858, thirteen and one-half tons, and Peter of York, 1845, ten and three-quarters tons. Big Ben and Great Peter were both cast by the Whitechapel foundry. Great Peter cost about £2,000 and is over eight feet across. It was cast at Whitechapel and allowed twelve days to cool. Even its clapper weighs a hundredweight. It took sixteen men to roll it. Now it is little used, but always rings the old year out on the night of Dec. 31. It is also sometimes used as a minute bell at deaths and funerals.

One curious thing about death bells is that in them probably originates the foolish saying that "Nine tailors make a man." In many parts of the country the death bell rings three times for a child, six for a woman and nine for a man. It is suggested that the true reading of the proverb is that "Nine tellers" make a man."

Formerly the "passing bell" was rung not after but before the departure of a dying person, which must have been very disconcerting to the invalid. The idea was that the soul got up out of the body and walked away, although invisible. So the bell was rung to warn the invisible world, the door and window of the sickroom were opened to give the soul a free choice of exits and all looking glasses were carefully draped over. For although you could not see the soul you might catch a glimpse of it in the glass, with dire results to yourself unless the mirrors were carefully covered.—London News.

Shall and Will.

It is very well, writes a correspondent on that subject of grammar which excites correspondents as meter excites poets. It is well and easily done to rebuke the reviving Celt for his "shalls" and "wills." But are we really prepared to give him a rule? The customary glib and complacent answer that, roughly speaking, "will" implies volition, and "shall" compulsion (in some degree), fails entirely to account for the interchange of these verbs with change of persons. And when we express a mere future, without either volition or compulsion, we use "shall" for the first person and "will" for the second and third. "I shall dine at 8, you will dine at 8, he will dine at 8." Why? What have we to say for ourselves to the Latin and the Celt? And yet the English child and the English costermonger, who may get nothing else right, never make a mistake in this most arbitrary custom.—London Chronicle.

Insects and Flowers.

It has long been a mooted question whether insects are attracted to flowers by the bright hues of the petals or by the odor of the flowers, and recent experiments carried out on quite an extensive scale seem to indicate that the perfume is the essential directive agent. It is concluded that insects are guided from a distance to masses of flowers by their perfume alone, but that where flowers are grown singly insects are attracted generally by color, and where the distance is small the odor doubtless assists in attracting and directing the movements of the flying insects.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

HARD TO IMITATE.

Sounds Beyond the Ability of Our Vocal Organs.

"That man can imitate perfectly the jingle of money," said in a tone of eulogy a young woman.

"Well, what of that?" objected her companion. "That ought not to be hard to do."

"Try to do it."

The objector, after summoning into his mind the sound of jingling money, tried. "R-r-r-tat-tat," he went. "Br-br-bra-ra-ra, chk-chkk-chk." Then he smiled apologetically, for he had failed. Not by the furthest stretch of the imagination could it be said that he had uttered a sound that resembled money's jingle in the least degree.

"I knew you couldn't do it," said the young woman. "It is amazing how many simple sounds there are that we can't imitate, try as we will. There is, for instance, the sound of a person walking, the sound of a typewriting machine in operation, the sound of running water, the sound of a breaking dish. You can't imitate those commonplace noises, and I doubt if any one in the world can. Our vocal capacity seems to us large, but it is really limited enough—as limited as that of many animals and much more limited than that of certain birds. That is why I honor a man who has extended his vocal capacity sufficiently to imitate the pleasing, silvery sound of money's jingle."—Baltimore Herald.

THE ALBATROSS.

Wonderful Flights of This Great Feathered Wanderer.

Of all the strange creatures seen by travelers not the least interesting is the wandering albatross. This great feathered wanderer, sometimes measuring seventeen feet from tip to tip of his wings, will follow a ship for days at a time. Some travelers and sailors declare that they have seen a particular bird fly for weeks at a time without resting. The albatross has always been a bird of mystery, and in ancient times the people believed that these unwearying sea birds were the companions of the Greek warrior Diomedes, who were said to have been changed into birds at the death of their chief.

Though the superstition about the killing of an albatross bringing bad luck is only a foolish one, it has served a useful purpose for many years in preventing the slaughter of these beautiful and gallant birds—the sailors' friends and the landsman's wonder. Up in dreary Kamchatka, that outlying part of Siberia which cuts into the north Pacific, the natives, never having heard of the superstition about the albatross, catch him and eat him, but his flesh makes such poor food that, after all, the legend may be said to hold good, for he is indeed in bad luck who has to make a meal of it.—Ottawa Free Press.

SOLON OF ATHENS.

His Definition of the Most Perfect Form of Government.

"What is the most perfect form of government?" was once propounded at the court of Periander, king of Corinth, one of the seven wise men of Greece. His six fellows were present, and of them Bias answered first, giving as his opinion, "Where the laws have no superior." Thales of Miletus, the great astronomer, declared, "Where the people are neither too rich nor too poor."

In his turn said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "Where virtue is honored and vice detested." Said Pittacus of Mitylene, "Where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous and never upon the base." Said Cleobulus, "Where the citizens fear blame more than punishment." Said Chilo, the Spartan, "Where the laws are more regarded than the orators."

The last to reply was the youngest but wisest of them all. Solon of Athens, who said, "Where an injury done to the meanest subject is an insult to the whole community."—London Telegraph.

His Glasses.

He was wearing his first pair of glasses, and at first they afforded great relief, but at the end of a month there was a retrogression. Somehow, polish the lens as he would, the vision appeared to be weaker. So he went back to his oculist and said he thought the glasses "weren't strong enough."

The oculist stepped aside for a minute, then handed his customer what apparently was another pair. Trying them drew forth the exclamation:

"Why, these are much better! I can see now as well as when I first wore my glasses."

Then he was initiated into one of the little secrets of the trade. The oculist had merely cleansed each lens with a little soap and water.—New York Post.

Developed Genius.

Lady—Do you think that your inventive genius was hereditary or developed? Inventor—I owe it all to my dear wife. When we were first married I used to stay late at the club, and my wife cross questioned me severely whenever I came home late. The necessity of inventing fresh excuses taxed me to the utmost, and this faculty became so abnormally developed that as soon as I turned it to business account I made a fortune with ease.

How Men Die.

More men die from worry than from overwork; more stuff themselves to death than die of starvation; more break their necks falling down the cellar stairs than climbing mountains.—G. H. Lorimer.

Be Subsided.

Husband—Did you ever notice, my dear, that a loud talker is generally an ignorant person? Wife—Well, you needn't talk so loud. I'm not deaf.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Soulee, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—— E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Comm'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer, J. F. Rooney, James Berriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—H. A. R. and R. C. Gibson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—G. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—U. C. Cole Sr., A. H. Ridder.
Judges of Election—G. B. Towle.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Birdsgame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 380, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FISCHER, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. S. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. A. CROATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 147, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

R. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELE GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 184, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 6, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. D. KLINEDIM, Com.
W. R. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 31, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption—degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord B. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

LEA VELKEN QUIN

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and Point Marion, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:36 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:35 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:23 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:13 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:30 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:38 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) and Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 9:40 a. m. Westbound Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:35 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A M	LV	STATIONS	AR	SOUTH P M
2:20		Ridgway		11:50
2:40		Johnsonburg		11:30
2:50		Glen Hazel		11:35
3:07		Straight		11:04
3:12		Instanter		10:59
3:20		Smith's Run		10:52
3:30		Woodvale		10:40
3:35		Clermont		10:30
P M.				A M

Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Timetable in Effect June 19th, 1901, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Simpson, Davis, Akin, Kinzua Jct., Bradford Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Kane, Marianna, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:10 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Grimsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for Buffalo, Pittsburg and intermediate points, and with P. & E. division Pennsylvania R. R. for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Grimsby, Simpson, Davis, Akin, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:40 and 9:30 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 p. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address R. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. F. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, 115 Main, N. Y. A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

Effective May 29, 1904.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:30 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 8:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:35 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:35 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.), St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 4:33 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:56 p. m.); Alden (arr. 5:32 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:28 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

8:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 8:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon.—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:05 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Lv Westward. Dp A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	6	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9..
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.30
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.47	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.05	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.13	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'pt	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.20	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.25	0	11.42	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wrks	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with E. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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When the Prince Wooed Peggy

Copyright, 1904, by Richard H. Shelton

By... RICHARD H. SHELTON

Peggy met him first at one of the Wednesday night hops at the Waconesett inn. He was somewhat more than passably good looking, fair haired, of a military build and German. His name was understood to be Munsterberg. He danced a number of times with Peggy, and finally they began to sit out dances in a quiet corner of the veranda, where, with their chairs close together, he talked to her in English with the faintest of German accents, and she replied in American-made German that set them both laughing.

The advent of the German was timely for Peggy. She had just fallen out with Donald Macomber, had sent him back the ring, and, being in the aftermaths of a broken engagement, she was sadly in need of diversion. The German seemed to give good promise of this. He was well bred, possessed of that urbane finish that much travel can give, and, moreover, after that first dance with Peggy it was plain to be seen he was very much in love with her.

Peggy, ostensibly to relieve the vacant feeling in her heart, began a des-

AS HE GAVE NO HEED SHE THOUGHTLESSLY STOOD UP.

perate flirtation. In a week's time Munsterberg was her slave. Where Peggy went, there went he. He drove with her; he sailed with her on the lake; he climbed the mountain with her. As Peggy's satellite he seemed to have found his true vocation.

No one blamed Munsterberg for falling in love with her. Indeed, at one time or another almost every unmarried man at the lake had offered his heart and his worldly goods to Peggy. She was adorable from the toe of her trim little shoe to her quaint little turn up nose that always gave one an idea of Peggy's superiority.

It is doubtful if Peggy entertained a really serious thought of the German until the day Jack Motley discovered—by means of a crest on a silver brandy flask—that worthy's true identity. Be it said of Jack Motley that he fairly flew to Peggy with the news. He found her in the boathouse combing briers from the poodle's mane.

"Peggy," he exclaimed breathlessly, "who on earth do you suppose you have worshiping at your shrine?"

She smiled wearily.

"Oh, you again, I suppose," she said.

"His royal highness Ludwig William, prince of Coburg-Gotha," said Motley, with the air of profaning so sacred a title by letting it slip from his plebeian tongue.

Peggy stared.

"Munsterberg—he's the prince—doing America incog.," Motley went on.

Peggy turned pale. She rose and tripped over the poodle. Motley rattled out the whole story and capped it triumphantly with a confession to the title on the part of his royal highness. By the time he had finished she was the old self possessed Peggy.

"Do you think you've told me any news?" she asked easily. And then, lest she should betray herself, she gathered up the poodle and fled to the house.

Peggy may be forgiven if she dreamed of many things after that—of an old gray castle in the hills of Coburg, of three letters and a royal title receding her own name, of stationery bearing the crest of the triple headed eagle. In fact, she did dream much of these advantages at first, and the interesting German of that first Wednesday night hop was suddenly vested in her mind with much romance and much eligibility.

Then—oh, heart of woman!—after the first romance of the thing had worn off and his royal highness had begun to repeat his rather slender store of bright remarks she found herself yearning of Donald Macomber and pondering why he had not come back for her as all the others had. She remembered that Macomber had always been masterful and high handed even as a suitor and that it was because he had been unwilling to yield some trivial point that she had broken with him. She began to think seriously and compare his royal highness with Donald. And when the comparison, point by point, was ended Peggy was a very unhappy girl, to whom the castle in Coburg was a nightmare.

* * * * * * * *

And because of all these things the throne of Coburg-Gotha barely escaped losing its heir.

It happened one August evening. His royal highness was paddling Peggy slowly about the lake, singing as he paddled little sentimental German songs and looking very contented.

Peggy gave the song no heed. She was watching a solitary figure in an approaching canoe. The figure bent to the paddle in an easy, familiar manner. There could be no mistaking those broad shoulders and that curly brown hair. The two canoes drew nearer. The man in the other canoe looked up. Peggy smiled and bowed. The man nodded coldly and began to paddle faster.

Something seemed to clutch her throat. The prince was quite forgotten. She realized only that Donald Macomber was paddling out of her sight and out of her life.

"Donald!" she cried.

He paddled on, with never a glance in her direction.

"Donald!" she cried again, and as he still gave no heed she tremblingly stood up.

His royal highness gasped.

"Sit down—sit down!" he urged.

Peggy deliberately put one little foot on the spreader, and in a moment they were in the water.

When she came to the surface she was seized by a strong arm, and a big, tender voice said evenly:

"Don't struggle, dearest. You are safe with me."

And Peggy closed her eyes and was very happy.

Not so his royal highness of Coburg-Gotha. He was floundering about miserably and shouting spasmodically between choking gurgles:

"Help—in God's name, help! I do not swim!"

The rescuers fished them out, Prince Ludwig Wilhelm of Coburg-Gotha first, for he was far spent. And while at the inn they were rolling him in hot blankets and pouring brandy down his throat Peggy was laughing and crying hysterically on the shoulder of the other prince, although he was not known to the world at large by his title, it is true—and making a most absurd confession. When she had finished Donald's face was very grave.

"But if he had drowned, what then, Peggy?" he questioned.

"Coburg-Gotha could have got along without a prince better than I could without you," she said.

Wise Provision.

It concerns a woman who entered a London shop and, displaying a prosperous looking pocketbook, said, "I want a good pianny for me daughter."

"What style of instrument do you prefer?" asked the salesman, leading the way to an upright.

"Niver a happorth do I care about style so long as it's a strong case. Have yez anny wid iron cases?"

"No, ma'am, but all our cases are made extra strong."

"How much is this pianny on the credit system?"

"The price of this piano is £40," answered the clerk. "The installment would be a pound a month."

"Insure the pianny and I'll take it."

"Well, really, ma'am, the purchaser usually insures the instrument; but, to close the bargain, we'll insure this piano and agree to take all risks."

"Ye see, betwane me and you," the purchaser explained as she deposited the receipt for the first installment in her pocket, "I'm glad to be alsy about the insurance, becuze I want to get the better of me ould man. He said that if I brought a pianny into the house he'd smash it wid an ax, and, faith, he's the b'y to do it!"—Smith's Weekly.

He Saw.

The young and winsome maiden spoke to her father on behalf of George, the youth who had won her heart, but who was not her father's favorite.

"Father," she said gently, "I want to tell you something, and you mustn't be angry."

"Very well," he said. "I promise."

"I want to tell you, father, that George and I wish to get married."

The father forgot his promise in a second and began to storm.

"Haven't I told you I wouldn't have him about the house? Haven't I forbidden you to see him?" he cried excitedly. "Now, once for all, I tell you if he comes here again I'll kick him out."

"Now, father," she said quietly, "you'll do nothing of the sort. George is young and healthy and the champion all round athlete of his club, and we had a conference this morning, and I tell him I'd love him just the same even if he had to pound you clean out of shape in defending his rights in this case, so you might as well submit now and save us the necessity of resorting to harsh measures. See?"

He saw.

Welcomed the Kicks.

There was an old southern negro who had been working for a cotton planter time out of mind. One morning he came to his employer and said:

"I's gwine quit, boss."

"What's the matter, Mose?"

"Well, sah, yer manager, Mistah Winter, ain't kicked me in de las' free mumfs."

"I ordered him not to kick you any more. I don't want anything like that around my place. I don't want any one to hurt your feelings, Mose."

"Ef I don't git any more kicks I's gwine to quit. Ebery time Mistah Winter used ter kick and cuff me when he wuz mad he always git 'shamed of hisse'f and gimme a qua'tah. I's done los' enuff money a'ready wid dis heah foolishness 'bout hurtin' ma feelin's."—Saturday Evening Post.

NATURE A KIND MOTHER.

Curious Methods by Which She Mends Animal Injuries.

How many weak and timid creatures there are in the world, with neither teeth and claws for their protection, armor for their defense nor speed with which to escape their enemies! One can hardly understand why they have not all been killed and eaten up long ago. Nature is, however, kinder to these poor animals than she seems, for if she has left them defenseless against attack she has given them a marvelous power of recovery from injuries.

When a tiny lizard has to scamper for his life in search of a crack in the rock he often has "so close a call" that his pursuer snaps off his tail just as he wisks into safety. A loss like this would kill most larger animals, but not the little lizard. He simply waits round quietly until a new tail grows and then is as well off as before, except that the new tail has a flexible rod of cartilage where the old one had a backbone.

If an earthworm happens to be retiring to his hole when a robin is out looking for breakfast there is apt to be a lively tug of war between the eater and the breakfast. Not infrequently the bird gets the tail end of the worm, while the other half crawls away into safety. Not even a lizard could survive such treatment as this, but the earthworm is in ability to recover from injuries almost as much superior to the lizard as the lizard is to us. He grows a new half body to replace the one which has been devoured and seems to mind his loss no more than a boy minds having his hair cut.

There are besides some small-like water worms which quite undo the earthworm in bearing up against misfortune. If one of these chances to lose his entire head, in a week or so, sometimes in only four or five days, he grows a new one, brain, eyes and all, and is as well off as ever. Even if a hungry fish gets two bites at him, so that he loses both head and tail, the warm can patch himself out with new members and go about his business as before. They have even been known to get cut into two pieces about equal in size and each piece grow a new half only so that there were two entire worms in place of one.

After this it will easily be guessed that if the head end of the worm happens to be cut the right way down he will grow two heads instead of one and become Y shaped with two heads, or if the tail end is cut right new sides grow and a two tailed worm is made. Sometimes one or two new heads or tails grow behind the old one in the angle of the Y. Indeed the little creature seems to have a sort of mania for making new heads and tails wherever he finds a chance. If, therefore, the worm after receiving several wounds manages to escape with his life, from the cuts which happen to open forward little heads grow out and from those opening backward little tails, no doubt greatly to his embarrassment.

But what of the cut off heads and tails? Do they make new bodies and become whole animals again? Not usually. The severed head seems to become confused, so that it does not know what to do. If it lives it is most apt to produce another head like itself and shudder into two heads placed back to back so that they look in opposite directions. So, too, the severed tail, equally foolish, doubles itself and becomes two useless tails growing end to end.

But isn't this really quite impossible? A head or a tail or even a half body cannot get food. If it cannot eat, it cannot grow, and that is all there is about it. Well, it is true that a fragment cannot eat. But still it can make the new part out of its own tissue. So the animal keeps getting smaller as it becomes more nearly complete until when the new part is finished the whole body may be no more than the tenth part of its proper size. The reconstructed animals are therefore forced to begin life over again like young worms. In time, however, they grow up to full size. When a head end makes a new head instead of a tail or a tail makes a new tail instead of a head the little creatures must necessarily waste away and die.—St. Nicholas.

Some Animal Oddities.

In fishes and tadpoles there is a peculiar lateral line running down each side of the body, which probably acts as a kind of ear, sensitive to movements of the water and warning them of enemies at hand.

Many deep sea fishes have phosphorescent organs on their flanks, which emit a dim, blue light and resemble eyes in structure. Some creatures that have no proper head possess eyes. Thus the starfish has a somewhat complicated eye at the end of each of its five arms, which appears as a bright red or orange spot.

Insects of the grasshopper tribe, which make musical sounds, are provided with ears in their legs or on the sides of their bodies. The curious little possum shrimp, which swims in large shoals, has a pair of ears in its tail. In their early stages our May flies have organs of hearing on either side of the abdomen.

Failed of Popularity.

Steps have been taken before now to popularize the British army in the provinces. In some cases the martial spirit has been stimulated. But not in all. In one part of "gallant little Wales" one of the Welsh regiments perambulated its territory and succeeded in obtaining just one recruit all told.

On the following Sunday the minister of the congregation to which the newly enlisted soldier belonged said, "And now, my brethren, we will take up a subscription to buy the discharge of our unfortunate young friend who recently joined the army."—Pall Mall Gazette.

GLIB MR. JACKSON

By Donald Murray

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

A week after I had advertised my house for sale I had a prospective customer in the person of Mr. H. A. Jackson.

Mr. Jackson's business card conveyed the information that he was in the life insurance business, and he gave me to understand that he intended to establish a branch agency at Glenville. He was a man of middle age, had a prosperous look and was a very glib talker. I realized that the glibness was a part of his business, and as to his general appearance I was prepossessed in his favor. I named my price, and he thought it reasonable. He paid me $100 in cash to hold the offer for a week.

I then paid great attention to details in building the house. I had the best of burglar alarms, something new in the way of window fasteners, and the place was connected with a police station and a fire engine house. I needed to be secure. I had a collection of coins and stamps worth $15,000, and any burglar who once got in could have taken the whole away in a common grip sack. The newspapers were always speaking of the collection, and I realized that sooner or later some enterprising man would seek to lay hands on it without the formality of a sale.

Mr. Jackson had told me that he was going to Chicago the day after he inspected the house, but he didn't go. He came back to measure some of the rooms and take a closer look, so that he might satisfy his wife's curiosity when he did go. He paid particular attention to the electric wiring on this occasion, and his words of praise made me feel rather proud.

My battery room, as I called it, was a closet between the dining room and the library, and in here let the telephone wires from the roof. The batteries for the burglar alarm and the various bells about the house rested on shelves in the closet, and I thus had the whole system under my thumb. There was an outside window to this

HE WHIPPED OUT A GUN AND SENT A BULLET CLOSE TO MY EAR.

closet, and I showed Mr. Jackson that my alarm was so attuned that he had only to touch a hand to the sash to set the bells jingling.

After a thorough inspection we emerged, and when there had been some further investigations he left the house. This was in the forenoon. There was no need of my entering the closet more than once a month unless something got out of order, but while I was eating dinner at 6 o'clock a feeling of uneasiness came over me, and I rose suddenly and proceeded to the room. Everything appeared all right at first glance; but, looking more closely, I soon discovered that Mr. Jackson had plied his nippers while I was talking. He had cut the alarm wire for that window. That I should discover something wrong and trace it out when I went to set the alarm at 10 o'clock he very well knew. He must have figured, then, on entering the window at an earlier hour.

My collection of coins and stamps was in a room by itself next to this closet, and the door was never locked till bedtime. With the family all in the sitting room the treasure room was almost unguarded. The window by which Mr. Jackson would enter looked out upon a side yard. He could skulk along by the shrubbery and escape being seen. It was a high window, and I therefore carried an empty barrel around for his convenience. Then the cook was ordered to hurry up her work of clearing away, and before 8 o'clock the family occupied the living room, and there was piano playing and singing.

Of course I did not mean that Mr. Jackson should go out as he came in, and I also wanted to capture him without the aid of the police. I therefore procured a bear trap at a hardware store, and this was set under the window in the battery room. He couldn't enter without stepping into it, and the great jaws were certain to give him the warmest kind of greeting.

There was no tedious delay to keep my nerves on edge. It was a dark, rainy night, but at a quarter to 9 Mr. Jackson showed up. I had stretched a string for him to hit with his foot, and when I got the signal we redoubled our noise in the sitting room.

I gave the man fifteen minutes more to break his way in and then proceeded to the treasure room and opened wide the door. Mr. Jackson was all there, and that bear trap had him fast by the leg. I had only got a glimpse of him when he whipped out a gun and sent a bullet so close to my ear that it sizzed, and naturally I lost no time getting out of range. He then fired several bullets into the door, but it was of oak, and they did not come through.

I had captured him, but at the same time he had captured the house. He seemed to have a full box of cartridges with him, and in shooting around promiscuously in the darkness he smashed all the batteries, destroyed all the switches and left the house in darkness. Then I had to get the police, but none of the four who came cared to face his bullets. They talked to him through the open door and the closed window, but he was an obstinate man. He wouldn't come out, and he swore no one should come in. The police and the shooting drew a crowd, and for two hours people were trampling my lawn and uprooting flowers and shrubbery. I would have overlooked Mr. Jackson's lapse from morality had he been reasonable, but he positively refused to argue the case. As a last resort the police sent for a fire engine and led a line of hose from the nearest hydrant. The nozzle was directed into the window, and the water came, and after the liquid had found its way into every room on that floor and stood four feet deep in the cellar Mr. Jackson said he had had enough to last him the rest of his life. The trap had pinched him, the cold water had chilled and half drowned him, and he had fired away his fifty cartridges.

The police took his gun and a score of skeleton keys, and after a few days he was convicted of burglary and got a sentence of seven years. I was rather sorry about it. Before leaving for prison he informed me that he broke into the house for the sole purpose of stealing a clock a hundred years old, and that as for my collection he wouldn't have given me 15 cents for the whole outfit.

Johnnie's Discourse on Water.

Water is fine; ... especially when it rains, as it did the other day till our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear father's rubber boots to get the onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horseradish when you eat too much. There is a good many kinds of water in the world—rain water, soda water, well water, boiling water and brine. There is a girl in our school named Waterman.

All the boys say, "Waterman you are," and then she gets mad. I don't think girls look good when they are mad. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any ocean their ships couldn't float and they would have to stay ashore. Water is a good thing to make dams in and to swim in and to fire at boys with a squirt gun and to catch fishes in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he hauled it up it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to put them out of. Water is first rate to put fires out with. I love to go to fires and see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think about water except the flood.

Jake Lost on Him.

An officer on one of the transatlantic liners told a story last week which serves as another illustration of the Englishman's inability to grasp a joke.

The officer while in London after his last outgoing trip dropped into a cheap chophouse in Soho. He took a seat near a table around which were gathered a number of cockneys. One of the number, according to the conversation, had been recently to New York, where he acted as valet. The cockney criticised the city in scathing terms and suddenly poured out a string of invective on the New York policemen. "We 'ave a bad lot 'ere," he said, "but they're not a circumstance to the mokes of bobbies they 'ave over in New York. I was sharpening a bit of a pencil one day in Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street. The blaide slipped, and I halmost bled to death. I ran up to a red faced bobby—'ang 'is bloomin' 'ide—and asked him in a way as becomes a gentleman which was the quickest way to a 'ospital. 'E laughed loike a foolish one, and sez 'e, 'Go across Broadway by the Flatiron building three toimes at noon.' And, s'help me blowed yet if I don't think the bloke was drunk."—New York Tribune.

Noise and the Nerves.

It was Schopenhauer who said that insensibility to noise was the surest indication of a low and undeveloped nervous organization, on which assumption it is certain that we as a nation can hardly be reckoned very far advanced. Certain it is that we are more tolerant under this head than any other nation professing to call itself civilized, though I fancy the Americans run us pretty close in this respect. Sir Arthur Sullivan was wont to compose in the middle of the night because he could never obtain quiet at any other time, and without expecting the impossible or looking for legislation on a subject which is merely of concern to the community at large, irrespective of party issues, surely it is not too much to ask that the local authorities shall put their heads together on this matter and exercise the powers which they possess. Mr. Bernard Shaw once expressed the opinion that it was the "state aided noises," as he called them, which were the worst offenders—as, for example, the church bells and the military bands.—London Truth.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

An Encounter With Tricky Money Changers in China.

In the great hinterland of China, the region that lies south of Siberia and far to the west of Peking, there is a mixed population among which the chief commercial element is the Chinese. These "Kitats," as they are called, are continually on the lookout for some opportunity to deece the ignorant Tartars who stray in from the country. Fathers Huc and Gabet, French priests, who in the course of their travels in 1845 had reached "Blue Town," were from their dress mistaken for Tartar lamas, and when they sought to have a silver ingot changed to copper cash found the change short.

The weight showed by the scales was correct, but when the chief clerk took the swanpan, or counting frame, and added the amounts the result seemed small.

"This is an exchange office," said the travelers. "We are the sellers, you the buyers. You have made your calculations; give us pencil and paper, and we will make ours."

"Nothing could be more just. You have laid down a fundamental principle of the law of commerce," replied the Chinese clerk, confident of their ignorance, as he gave them the articles. A very short calculation sufficed to show the Frenchmen that they were to be cheated of a thousand sapeks.

"Superintendent of the bank," they said, "your swanpan is in error by a thousand sapeks."

"Impossible! Do you think that all of a sudden I've forgotten how to use my swanpan? Let me go over it again."

He proceeded with an air of great anxiety to do so and attained his previous result.

"I knew I was right," he declared, passing the frame to a colleague. "See, brother." The colleague calculated and attained the same result.

"You see," said the principal, "there is no error. How is it that our calculation does not agree with what you have written?"

"It is unimportant to inquire why your calculation does not agree with what is written," replied the Frenchman suavely. "This is certain—yours is wrong and ours is right. These figures that we have traced upon this paper are very different from your swanpan. It is impossible for them to be wrong. Were all the calculators in the world to work all their lives on this simple operation the result could be no different than to affirm that you are wrong by a thousand sapeks."

The money changers were extremely embarrassed and began to turn very red when a bystander, seeing how awkward was the situation, proposed himself as umpire. "I'll reckon it up for you," he said. And his result agreed with that of the Frenchmen. The superintendent of the bank made a profound bow.

"Sirs lamas," said he, "your mathematics are better than mine."

"Oh, not at all," replied the Frenchmen in the polite terms required by Chinese etiquette. "Your swanpan is excellent, but who ever heard of one always free from error? People like you may well make mistakes once in awhile, when poor ignorant folks like us make them tens of thousands of times. Our swanpan, however, is infallible, being composed of the very figures by which the royal astronomer of the most high emperor of Peking reckons the times and the pathways of the sun, moon and stars. Such figures could not be in error. Now, however, thanks to the pains you have taken, we have fortunately concurred in our reckoning."

And so, with "malice toward none" and the full value of their ingot, they left the shop.—Youth's Companion.

The Boiling Point.

Why is it that in boiling in an open vessel such liquids as cider, etc., water only escapes in steam, while the strength remains, while in boiling it in a retort, as in a still, the strength passes away in the steam, and in distilling salt or impure water only the pure water passes off in the steam?

This is because of a difference in the boiling points in the fluids and that under the increased pressure of a retort the boiling point is higher than that of water in the open air at the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere. If cider had a higher boiling point than water when the water boils at 100 degrees it takes some little cider with it mechanically. On the contrary, if alcohol were present before the boiling point of water were reached most of the spirits would have passed away. If the increased pressure of the retort allows it on the boiling point of the fluids therein being reached, suppose the heat to be great enough, they will be changed to vapor and pass away, whatever they be.

Boyle O'Reilly's Swordsmanship.

Boyle O'Reilly was a skilled swordsman. He told me that when he first came a fugitive to this country he thought he would maintain himself by giving lessons in broadsword, single stick and foils, and it used to give him great pleasure to put a foil in my hands and say to me—for I profess to know nothing of it—"Ned, on guard! Now, run me through. Thrust me anywhere you can. Kill me if you can." And then, with a smile upon his face, he would ward off my lunges until suiting his purpose he would send my sword flying across the room. Often on our excursions he would say to me, "Ned, take that stick and cut me down." He wanted no play about it. He wanted an earnest fight, and, complying with his wishes, I would often rush at him with a stout stick in my hand only to have him laughingly repel my attack, and these affairs generally wound up by his giving me a whack over the shoulders that nearly broke me in two.—Donahoe's Magazine.

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ON THE DAY BOAT

By LUCY BARNES

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Margaret was sure that there was something wrong. A sense of the unfitness of things had been growing upon her for full fifteen minutes. Seated in the corner of a big divan on the Albany day boat, she had gradually wakened to the realization that, no matter who passed by, glances furtive and open had been cast in her direction.

Not that this was an unusual attention for Margaret to receive. Glances of admiration had followed her ever since she had passed from spindling girlhood into glorious young womanhood. But these glances were different. The expression in the eyes of the women said quite clearly, "Thank heaven I am not as you are!" The admiration in the eyes of men was mixed unmistakably with pity.

Margaret reached blindly in the direction of her hat. The little bend in the back was squarely above the coil at the nape of the neck. Perhaps it had slipped back too far. She raised her hand and felt of her pompadour. She knew by touch that there was just enough hair showing in the front. It might be spot on the tip of her nose. She drew forth her handkerchief and dabbed the tip of that member, but no spot showed on the cambric. Then she tried her chin and her cheek bones with the same result.

An odious woman, lolling in a patent rocker, smiled at her, but it was a pitying smile. Not for worlds would Margaret have asked that woman what was wrong. And a woman who wore a lace net dress to travel in would not have sense enough to tell another woman what had happened.

By the time Margaret had reached this conclusion she was actually perspiring with nervousness. She was not a girl whose thoughts ran entirely on dress and appearance, but she viewed with scorn the ungroomed woman. And at this moment she was morally certain that her grooming had slipped a cog. She reviled the management of the boat line which did not panel its saloon with mirrors; but not for worlds would she have walked the length of that saloon to a dressing room. She preferred to sit in the limelight of the restless passengers to running the gantlet of the lounging passengers.

She was ready to call herself names for having declined, with thanks, the vanity bag her brother Dick had wanted to give her on her birthday. She had taken a new collar for Pedro. Poor Pedro, grieving in the baggage room in the hold at this moment! What wouldn't she give now for the tiny mirror reposing in the rejected vanity bag?

Just then a young man loomed upon her gloomy mental horizon. The boat had made a landing at one of those small towns from which tourists reached the Catskills. The young man looked exceedingly cheerful and harmless. Margaret decided upon this the instant her troubled glance met his. His eyes were the sort to create a feeling of trust. He was good looking, but Margaret instantly decided that he couldn't be blamed for that. Anyhow, he was looking for somebody, and she became restless. She met his look of inquiry with a nod of invitation and deliberately drew her skirts to one side as if to make room for him on the divan.

The young man accepted the unspoken invitation with alacrity. He stood before her, hat in hand.

"Awfully good of you," he said, looking down at her frankly. "I didn't recognize you at first. You've changed quite a bit since you had that last picture taken."

Margaret gasped. She had thought her own impertinence quite impossible once the die was cast, but this young man's nerve was monumental. She lowered her voice so that the woman in lace net could not hear what she said.

"Sit down, please, and I'll explain. Of course you were not looking for me. I know that. But you—er—play the part much better than I could. I was in such trouble, and I just had to speak to you."

Just for an instant a puzzled expression passed over the man's face. Then he pulled himself together and sat down beside her.

"I am tremendously glad to be of service to any lady in distress. What particular form of distress has overtaken you?"

Margaret looked straight into his trust inspiring eyes, and her own danced.

"I am a victim of woman's inhumanity to woman. Don't you dare to laugh when I tell you this, but every woman who has passed me for the last half hour has looked at me as if my hat was crooked or I had soot on my nose or my skirt and blouse had parted company. Will you please tell me what is the matter?"

The young man tried not to give way to the mirth which was welling up within him and looked her over critically.

"Well," he said judiciously, "I can't see anything wrong except that the thing you wear for a collar seems to have slid around. Does the bow belong under your left ear?"

Margaret clutched at the offending bit of ribbon.

"My stock! I never thought of that!" She pulled the bit of embroidered linen till the bow was poised, with outspread, saucy wings, directly under her piquant chin.

"Now, is that right?" she asked, looking up into her human mirror.

"Correct and trim as you please," he said reassuringly and watched her while she fastened the unruly stock with a tiny pearl headed pin.

"You wouldn't believe what a miserable half hour I have put in. I know now that odious old cat in the patent rocker has grimaced afresh each time my stock sprang a fresh notch. Isn't it funny that women can't show a little Christian courtesy to each other?"

"Well," said the young chap thoughtfully, "I'm very sorry I didn't get here half an hour sooner. I might have saved you some—er—trifling discomfort."

But that wasn't what his eyes said at all, and Margaret woke with a start to a realization that, after having made use of the young man, it was not going to be easy to get rid of him. But what annoyed her the worst of all was the fact that she felt that she was not particularly anxious to get rid of him. He had put down his bags and settled himself back in his corner of the divan in a way that suggested that he meant to stay until New York was reached.

"Do you believe in signs and omens?" she asked.

"Sure! Something tells me this is going to be an awfully jolly trip. I usually dread the ride into town, but then"—

"Well, when I go home I shall say unpleasant things to the friends who advised me to take the boat trip down the Hudson. Oh, I didn't mean to be personal! I beg your pardon. I was merely referring to the babies and the lunch. I can't sit on the deck because the sight of lunch boxes and perpetual eating makes me positively ill."

"We'll remedy that. I know a little corner where they don't admit either babies or lunch boxes. If you'll just wait a minute I'll fix the matter up. I have a little stand-in with the captain of this boat."

He rose, but she laid a detaining hand on his arm. "You really mustn't! I"—

"Now, see here," he said frankly, "you're calling yourself all sorts of things because we haven't been introduced. It's all nonsense, don't you know. We were bound to meet after the conventional fashion some day. Something—er—tells me so."

It may have been that Margaret wanted to get out in the fresh air or it may have been because she felt it her duty to change the expression in his eyes which were looking at her so eagerly. He strode down to the purser's room and paid the price of the best stateroom on the boat, which gave them access to a tiny patch of deck room shut in on the other side by a lifeboat, a stack of life preservers and a most uncompromising railing. From this point Margaret viewed the beautiful panorama of the Palisades, and the young man, loyal New Yorker that he was, insisted that it was purely his duty to make his state show up at its best.

The last ten or fifteen minutes of the trip were uncomfortable ones for Margaret. Mrs. Grundy whispered in one ear that she had already been indiscreet, and it was her duty to drop the young man forever. Her sense of fairness whispered in the other ear that she owed him something for his courtesy.

As they gathered up their traps to disembark it was quite evident that the young man was not giving himself any anxiety over the situation. He took her checks. He even accepted Pedro as a matter of course. He led the way to a hansom without asking her so much as where she was going. When she and Pedro were settled in the vehicle the young man stood with one foot on the step.

"Will you tell him to take me to the Grand Central?" she asked.

"I have already done so," said the young man placidly, and, without hesitation, he sprang into the hansom and sat down beside her.

Margaret was speechless, not sure whether she was glad or sorry. Was the young man trying to kidnap her, or was he a mind reader? She was certain she had dropped no hint as to her destination.

"You see, I knew you all the time. You are Margaret Trenton, and you are on your way to visit Etta Wilson at Rye Beach. I saw your name on your luggage."

Margaret looked at him in wonder.

"Yes, but Etta!. How do you know Etta?"

"Oh, she's my cousin! It was you I was looking for all the time. She had asked me to meet you on the boat if I happened to be coming down at the same time from the Merriam house party. I very nearly missed you because—because—well—that picture doesn't do you justice."

"Oh!" said Margaret, feeling somehow that there was nothing else to be said.

"I was going on to Newport for a week, but I think I'll stop off at Rye." Margaret's glance fell, and a slight flush spread over her face. The young man's lips twitched.

"I think you need me there—to let you know whether your hat is on straight."

Then they both looked at each other and laughed, and Pedro, in sympathy, pounded the floor of the hansom with his tail. It is so good to be young.

Out of the Mouth, Etc.

The Sunday school teacher was telling her scholars about the fall of Jericho.

"And the people marched around and around," she said, "singing songs and blowing trumpets, until all of a sudden down came the walls and"—

"If they sung like my sister does," interrupted the littlest chap, "it ain't no wonder they fell down."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Good Advice.

Said a man who had been detected cheating at cards: "They threaten to kick me downstairs. What am I to do?" The friend appealed to offered this timely counsel, "Play on the ground floor."

His Fatal Mistake.

"Adam was his own boss, wasn't he?"

"Yes, an' of he hadn't gone ter sleep at de wrong time he'd been so yet!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The flattery of one's friends is required as a dram to keep up one's spirits against the injustice of one's enemies.—Bulwer.

SIGNS OF POISON.

What a Sudden Flow of Mouth Water May Indicate.

Dr. Trall mentions the bewilderment of a family that was attacked with a "water rage," incomprehensible until investigation revealed the fact that a lot of horseradish in their kitchen garden had got mixed with some aconite herbs.

The sudden flow of saliva betrays the effect of some metallic poison—lead perhaps or verdigris (oxide of copper)—and suggests the examination of copper cooking utensils. Old fashioned silver spoons were often imitated with plated copper and in course of time furnished a clew to their bottom facts by turning black, then black with greenish tints, but only after their secret had been intimated by a splitting epidemic. It is the same with lead. Chewing a leaden bullet for a couple of seconds makes the "mouth water"—not as a hint as a desire for additional supplies, but to rinse out the palate and remove saliva that might cause mischief by finding its way into the stomach.

A decorative painter who never touched such things as paris green or cinnabar without disinfecting his hands and mouth was greatly puzzled by the morbid activity of his salivary glands. He had to spit like a tobacco fiend and finally traced his trouble to a substance known as "bronze dust" that had settled on his lips and nostrils and, under the influence of moisture, had been developing copper poisons.

Paris green not rarely gets blown like dust all over the fields it is supposed to protect from insect plagues; then, moistened by dew or drizzling rains, forms a paste and clings to vegetable substances, where its presence is never suspected, till their consumers complain of colic and mouth water.—What To Eat.

CORPSE RINGS.

What They Are and Why They Are Worn by Sailors.

"Corpse rings, eh?" said the visitor. "It's a curious, a gruesome, name. What are corpse rings?"

"Corpse rings," the collector answered, "are rings found on the bodies of drowned sailors identification rings.

"Look at this thick gold one. Running around it on the outside, you see, there is carved in big, plain letters 'William Ratline, born in Camden, Me., 1865. Home, Malabar.' Ratline was lost off the needles in the big storm of 1897. Malabar was communicated with, but it appeared that he had no relatives there.

"Nearly every sailor when the blues overtake him imagines he will die of drowning. He hates to think of his body washing up on a strange shore, of his nameless grave and of the anxiety of his friends when he doesn't return and no news comes of him, and therefore he buys himself an identification or corpse ring.

"Some of these rings are costly, beautiful, strange. Here is an anti ne Egyptian one, a ring of green bronze from a rifled tomb. Here is a wooden one, carved with little demons, for the thumb. It came, I think, from Senegambia. This ring of ivory is Japanese. It is of beautiful workmanship. The monkeys, holding each other's tails, that go around it in a circle, are quite perfect."—Baltimore Herald.

Central African Elephants.

"Elephants in the swamp country of central Africa," writes a traveler, "are different in their habits from those which inhabit the forests. In the marshes they stand throughout the day immersed in water up to their bellies and with their backs almost hidden by the high growth of reeds. Here they can always be traced by the white egrets which invariably accompany them and which feed upon the ticks and other insects with which their hides are infested. A herd of elephants moving through dense grass can be kept in sight even though they themselves are invisible by the fluttering up and down of these white birds.

Not So Bad For Him.

"Yes, I used to be in the insurance business. I once got a man to take out a $50,000 policy only about a week before he happened to be killed. He was a mighty hard chap to land too. I had to talk to him for nearly six months before I got him."

"That was tough on the company. I suppose you regretted after it was all over that your persuasive powers were so good."

"Um—no. I never felt sorry about it. I married the widow."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Diplomatic Reply.

An eastern potentate once asked a group of his courtiers which they thought the greater man, himself or his father. At first he could elicit no reply to so dangerous a question. At last a wily old courtier said, "Your father, sire, for, though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you, that he had a greater son than any you have." He was promoted on the spot.

Cause and Effect.

The census bureau tells us that there is an overplus of women in the cities and a shortage in the rural districts. Merely in a desultory way it may be mentioned that there are not so many show windows in the country as in the city.—Cincinnati Post.

He Knew.

Father—But do you think you can make my daughter happy? Suitor—Happy! Say, you should just have seen her when I proposed!—Brooklyn Life.

The beauty seen is partly in him who sees it.—Bovee.

Winter Tourist Tickets.

To various points in Colorado, Texas, Louisiana, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California are now on sale via the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain route. Standard Pullman and Tour ist car service to California. For rates and full information address Jno. R. James, central passenger agent, 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

BAKED BEANS.

How They Are Cooked For the Lumbermen In Maine.

Didst ever hear—oh, ye epicure—of the lumberman's baked beans, the delicatessen of the backwoods, the twenty-one times a week, stick to the ribs provender that floats in amber juices and that when mined in the morning from the bean hole emit such delicious odor as to make mouths water all along the border? The cook and the cookee join drives in building up this monument to high art in culinary. The woods cook usually bakes a tin washboiler nearly full of beans, first parboiling them before he gets them ready for the pot. Then he peels an onion and slices it into the bottom of the pot. Then he pours in half the beans; then slices over them another onion; then puts in the chunks of salt fat pork; then douses in the rest of the beans. Over all this he pours a pint of molasses and then more pork. Just enough water is added to cover the beans, and then a sheet of birch bark is placed over the top of the pot and the cover pounded in tight. When the water begins to steam the bark swells and seals the pot, holding in all the flavor. The cookee (there's all the difference in the world between the cook and the cookee) builds the fire in the bean hole. When the birch wood has heated the stones that line the hole and has itself burned to redhot coals most of the coals are taken out and the beans are put in. The beans are placed in the hole in the afternoon. They stay there all night. In the morning they are dug out. All other baked beans are libels on the name, for these have the sauce of the pine and the spruce.—Lewiston Journal.

AMERICAN COLLEGES.

They Are Unique Among Institutions of Learning.

The American college is in every way unique. It may be defined in a word as a school for imparting more general and advanced instruction than can be obtained in the various academies and private schools. The university, however, more particularly comprises a number of technical schools, imparting instruction in all departments of knowledge, including classical literature, the arts and sciences, as biology, medicine, surgery, law, theology, mechanics and so on. The issue as to which is the most desirable, the most useful, has been discussed at educational congresses, in the public press and notably in the leading reviews. There has been evident in these discussions a tendency to look upon the college as a kind of inferior school which must be given its place only when there is not enough money to establish the more expensive university. On the other hand, the college has not wanted its stout champions, in whose view the American college, with its concentrated curriculum, the closeness of touch between pupil and professor, is not only an institution that is to be conserved, but is one that often, if not always, offers a better kind of education than is available in the university.—Leslie's Weekly.

How to Read.

Reading is not a lost art to the same degree that conversation is, but it has in most cases an arrested development through so much reading that makes no demand upon aesthetic sensibility, so that one is apt to bring to a fine story full of delicate shades of thought and feeling the same mind which he yields to a newspaper, putting a blunt interrogation as to its meaning as conveyed in the terms of a rational proposition, and the writer's charm is wholly lost upon him. While the reader's surrender to the author must be complete, his attitude should not be passive, but that of active responsiveness and partnership.—H. M. Alden in Harper's Magazine.

First Love.

It is a popular fallacy that the first love is the true one, unique in its excellence, says an exchange. As well say that the first picture of a painter is the best of all he will paint in the course of his life; that the first speech, the first book, the first statue, the first composition, will be the best of the statesman, novelist, sculptor or musician, as the case may be. First works have all the imperfections of uncertainty, of inexperience and ignorance. And it is rather by chance than by anything inherent in the nature of Cupid's ways that the first love turns out to be the great one.

Do Bargain Hunters Smile?

"I went out shopping the other afternoon," said a well known pastor of New York city, "and, having in mind the hymn 'Brighten Your Way With a Smile,' I looked about to see if there were any smiles on the faces in the big department store.

"In all that hurrying and pushing and worrying real, genuine, hearty smiles were not to be found. I saw one smile, but it looked like a plant that had been wintered in a cellar. It was bleached and wan."—New York Press.

Girls In Guatemala.

None of the maidens in Guatemala are allowed to go abroad from their homes without the company of a chaperon, and a lover is only allowed to come and court his sweetheart through the heavily barred windows of her father's home. After they are married they pass along the streets in Indian file, the women marching ahead, so that the husband can be in a position to prevent any flirtations.

Perfectly Correct.

The deacon was hard to convince.

"No," declared he, "I'll have no such contraption in my house. Planners are things of evil."

"Oh, but, pa," protested his lovely daughter, "this is an upright piano!"—Pittsburg Post.

There Are Some Funny Ones.

"Tell me," said the editor's friend, "who are the most humorous writers you have ever met?"

"Most of those who think they are serious writers," replied the editor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE WILD BOAR.

Full of Courage and Cunning and Never Loses His Head.

The wild boar never loses his head—or his heart. Such courage I have never beheld in any four footed creature. He has all the cunning commonly accredited to his Satanic majesty and in his rage is a demon that will charge anything of any size. I have seen a small boar work his way through a pack of dogs and his smaller brother, the peccary, in Brazil, send a man up a tree and keep him there.

The boar looks ungainly, but the Indian species is as fleet as a horse for about three-quarters of a mile. He begins with flight, shifts to cunning and finally stands to the fight with magnificent courage, facing any odds. As, riding upon him, you are about to plant your spear, he will dart—"jink," as they call it in India—to one side, repeating the performance several times, until he finds he cannot shake you, when, turning suddenly, with ears cocked and eyes glittering, he will charge furiously. If not squarely met with a well aimed and firmly held spear, he will upset horse and rider. Hurling himself again and again against the surrounding spears, he will keep up his charge until killed, when he dies without a groan.—Outing.

The Last Resort.

Sandy entered a smoking compartment and asked each of his immediate neighbors for a match. All happened to be without them, however, and a look of disappointment came over the Scotchman's face as he remarked resignedly, "Aweel. I'll e'en hae to use one o' my ain."

There is no knowledge that is not power.—Emerson.

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IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF McKEAN COUNTY, NO. 86 FEB'Y TERM, 1906.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF A GUARDIAN FOR CATHERINE STICKLES.

To the Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Children or other kin of the said Catherine Stickles, Take Notice:—

That a hearing in the above entitled case for the appointment of a guardian for the said Catherine Stickles, a weak minded person, will be had before the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton at his Chambers in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, upon the 23rd day of January, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m.

McKean County, SS.

1906, January 5th, from the record.

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DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Administration.

In the Estate of Maurice A. Hall, deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of Maurice A. Hall, late of Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Nellie Irene Hall, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

NELLIE IRENE HALL, Administratrix.

P. O. Smethport, Pa.

Dated December 26th, 1906.

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